

# SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

## POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The ceremony of the unveiling of the Victoria Memorial was right in tone—a grave act of religion and of State; and the German Emperor's presence completed the fitness of things. The more pity then that the Memorial itself, meant to mean so much, should bring into relief the side of the Victorian age in which it most greatly lacked. A Memorial to celebrate the active side of an active period—a period of advance in science and action of every kind—should have been itself of the same order. The Victoria Memorial perpetuates the Victorian age in what we would most readily forget—its taste. Looking upon the Memorial people who would remember a great period on its best side will be compelled to realise that, for all its works, the Victorian age was utterly false in taste.

As to the sculptor nothing could be more fitting than the epilogue to his work. Mr. Brock, having completed his contract to the general satisfaction, receives his knighthood. Sir Thomas Brock will now stand in the long line of civic benefactors, with Lord Mayors, philanthropists, builders, and merchant men. Naturally he has been given the order for the Cook statue!

The swan-song of the House of Lords, or shall we say the rehearsal of the swan-song, is certainly not below its past. If the old glories are to go, they are going well. One is inclined to ask more curiously than ever what is wrong with a House that can debate so well as this? It is not at all that a few Front Benchers are keeping up the standard. Many Front Benchers, if they knew themselves, would be glad if they could make as good a speech as Lord Newton's, for instance. Nor have the

backwoodsmen—the vile corpus of the Lords, waiting the executioner—been dumb. They can speak when there is reason for it, and unlike the obscure in the Commons they can be silent when there is no need to talk. Maybe the reformed Second Chamber will not be worse in debate than the House of Lords; it will certainly not be better.

Lord Curzon made a great effort which well became him as the real author of this Bill. We agree that he made out a very strong case for his plan of reform, if reform had to be; but even in his hands the case for reform is not very strong, for the simple reason that there is almost no case on merits against the House of Lords as it is. Liberals, of course, can make out a case. It is enough for them that the Lords are mainly Conservative and are a hindrance to certain Radical projects. But the historian will dismiss that plea as not on merits at all. It would be better if all attempts to make a case for revolutionising the Second Chamber were given up and it were frankly admitted that it is being altered simply to make it fit in with the party system. A chamber with one party permanently and overwhelmingly in power upsets the party game, and therefore must go. That is the plain truth, and, though it does not sound very respectable, had better be said.

Well, if it must be so, Lord Curzon's alternative seems about as good as any we shall have. It saves a good deal out of the wreck and does meet the object of the whole business. The *faute de mieux* argument for the scheme is as strong as an ignoble kind of argument can be. Nor can we agree with Lord Rosebery that the party should have been content with his resolutions. One is sick of the tactical argument for doing nothing. Commit yourself to something, at any rate, is the country's cry. This little bit of decision will, we believe, be counted to the Unionist party for righteousness. But Lord Rosebery came out bravely at the last. He would scorn to sit in the House of Lords under the dispensation of the Parliament Bill. Should that pass, he hoped that very few of the present peers would remain to play so poor a part. But will he follow up these brave words?

Meantime with the public looking on without concern—or not looking on at all—the Parliament Bill went through the Commons this week. We all know the average voter cares next to nought about Parliament to-day. He will not allow his pet papers even to print a regular report of what Parliament does; if the paper attempts to do so, he drops it and buys another. All he can put up with is a snappy sketch of the livelier debates, a sort of Toby and his dog travesty of the real thing. The voter only takes a really strong interest in the House of Commons nowadays when there is no House of Commons—where there is a General Election with all its excitements and some chance of horseplay.

Still one might have thought he would show some gleam of transient interest over the third reading of a Bill which is meant to smash to pieces for ever the Constitution—the Constitution which by all tradition Englishmen, great and little, have held to be their great glory! No doubt this utter want of animation tells both ways. Radicals may argue from it that the public does not care a rap about the House of Lords. But then the public would not care a rap if the Bill were wrecked. The humbug about “the People” being intent and fiercely looking on, ready to rise in its wrath if the Bill be not passed, is too transparent now. We all know that the public wants to “coronate” and go to cricket matches, and cares not at all about the measure. Only the professional Radical and Nationalist politicians, and the place-holders and place-hunters, are wild for the Bill to pass; only the wire-pullers and the Tadpoles that swarm in the political ponds at this season.

No wonder, therefore, the Government let almost anything serve for the third reading debate. A Bill to establish a revolution is not even given much more than a sort of half-dress debate! Barring a spirited opening speech by Mr. F. E. Smith, and some fresh, informal remarks by Mr. Bottomley, the whole thing was flat enough. But it was the design of the Government to keep it flat and discourage any force or spirit. The idea seems almost from the first to have been to smuggle the measure through as quietly as possible. A public already asleep must be chloroformed against waking! It is true Mr. Churchill was put on at the close; he has been put on several times of late; but Mr. Asquith is bound to do something to keep his colleague with the variegated language in good cue. The way in which Mr. Lloyd George has laid and kept hold of the good things of late must have tried the Home Secretary almost past impatience. He must know himself to be flung away on the Home Office.

Perhaps no series of speeches for many years past on a great crisis has been marked by the quite extraordinary evenness that has been the feature of Mr. Balfour's during the last few months. His platform speech on Thursday differed not at all in quality from the speeches he has made in the House on the Parliament Bill during committee stage. It was cheapened by not the least appeal to baser political passion, but had all the full intellectual force and faith that to-day we always expect, and get, from Mr. Balfour. These speeches may make two or three of the Liberal leaders in secret somewhat uncomfortable, the argument being to the intellectual so very persuasive.

There is no doubt about this being the great Coronation year of the Liberal party; and, appropriately through its Chancellor of the Exchequer, it is now busy with its own Civil List; making provision for itself. What is Payment of Members, which is the great feature, the only observed feature, of the Budget this year, but suitable provision for the Liberal party? As it happens, the benefit is unavoidably extended to members of the Unionist party—who do not ask for it and who greatly dislike it. What a singular little irony—the largest party in the House which intensely

dislikes saddling the public with this extra burden is forced to burden the public more by several hundred a year than any other party in the House!

We never paid any heed to the protests against payment of members which the Irish Nationalists made last year. They were fearful, it appeared, that payment of members might make them too independent. But when the trial came, one knew what the result would be—following the way of Omar they take the cash and let the credit, or the independence, go. There was nothing more certain in the world than that, one and all, they would in the end come in and toe the line. It's your money they want; and are going to have, thanks to a Chancellor of the Exchequer who has hungry men to pay.

However, having taken the cash and swallowed the scruples about independence, some of them are still hedging almost delicately. We note a small amusing discovery by the “Daily Chronicle” that £400 a year is too much for a member of Parliament; three to three hundred and fifty would be a much better figure. Is it not somewhat late in the day for such attacks of conscience? Mr. Lansbury M.P. does not shy at the amount, though if all the money were “called in” and divided up he would not expect so much: he shies instead at the smoke-room. Now M.P.s are to get their £8 a week in session and out, they can afford, he seems to think, to do without smoke. What an odd conclusion! Some of the Scottish members, however, hedge the other way: they ask about their railway tickets.

The Insurance Bill is down for second reading on Wednesday. The more it is examined the more clear it is that much time will have to be spent in putting it into shape. If time is not allowed, there will be trouble in store for the author. It is not entirely a question of Committee points: certain vital principles will have to be discussed on the two or three days which are allotted to second reading. In the first place the Chancellor must be asked on what principle he distributes the charges on the State, the employer, and the workman. Why when he abandons the method of the flat rate for purposes of workmen's contribution in the less highly paid spheres of industry is the reduced employee's contribution to be put down entirely to the debit of the employer, while the State takes no share of the burden?

The sale of Mr. Walter Long's estate in Wiltshire began this week at Trowbridge. The breaking up of the land system was rumour four or five years ago, now it is reality. That it is a natural and healthy process we doubt very much; for the landowners are selling just when land, after a generation of farming depression, has begun to recover. They are being driven out of land by heavy taxation to-day, and by too reasonable fears of heavier to-morrow. The evil and the danger of the thing is that there is to-day no system to fill the place of the old one. The small holder is still more or less in the air; and, even assuming he will be a true success, the passing of the old order must leave a woful gap; for the number of small holders cannot really be very great for years to come. The village tradesmen and the tradesmen of the small towns, and the country workers who are not directly employed on the soil, are likely to suffer hard times.

The Government met Lord Selborne's speech upon the Canadian reciprocity agreement in their bluntest manner. There had been no negotiations with the United States: there were no papers to be laid. There was no real attempt to meet the arguments of Lord Selborne or to understand the points of his criticism. The difficulty of the difference in the reading of most-favoured-nation clauses by America and Great Britain has never been so clearly put as in the speech of Lord Selborne. Indeed,

he stated it with perfect clearness—no very easy thing to do; and it was obviously a point to be met with honest criticism. The Government speakers—particularly Lord Haldane—talked broadly of Canada's freedom to do as she pleased. Argument there was none. Lord Haldane rejoiced almost openly to be the blind believer.

The Ides of May has passed and Fez is unrelieved. French calculations have been upset by the activity of the tribes and by physical obstacles. So far as the situation can be gauged from the usual crop of rumours, Fez is holding out under rapidly increasing difficulties. People and garrison are both wavering, and any sign of success on the part of the rebels who are investing the place would have instantly disastrous consequences. Colonel Brulard should yesterday have arrived within thirty miles of Fez and other columns are pushing ahead with all possible speed. They may succeed in relieving the capital: whether they will succeed in restoring Mulai Hafid is another matter. If the tribes surrender, the desire to save their crops will be the explanation, and there will be no guarantee that all the trouble will not begin again just so soon as Mulai Hafid's enemies are ready to strike.

President Diaz has agreed to resign, and the revolutionaries are left to haggle over the spoils. The movement has already done great material mischief, besides letting loose the revolutionary spirit which President Diaz' long rule had wonderfully tempered. The President was spared nothing at the end. Broken by sickness and in great pain, he has been compelled to resign with the sure knowledge that his resignation is the beginning of fresh difficulties for Mexico. Perhaps the best proof of the President's character is his decision to remain in the country. A ruler of the kind popularly imagined of Latin America could not dare to do this.

The speeches at the Central Asian dinner were few and good—which is the ideal for a public dinner and rarely indeed attained. Even Coleridge, who said he would rather have his potato and a little salt than any banquet, might have enjoyed himself at the Savoy on Wednesday. Lord Ronaldshay touched a grave matter when he spoke of the effect on Western labour markets of the reorganisation of Eastern countries on Western lines; but he only touched it. He could do no more for, as he said, it led him straight to Tariff Reform, which would never do at a non-party dinner. All the same, the West will have to do more than touch it, or it will very much more than touch the West. Lord Minto was evidently on the same line of thought as Lord Ronaldshay. India, he said, is a young country industrially and he foresees that India will want to trim its tariff arrangements to suit its new needs. Generally, Lord Minto's picture of social India did not strike us as re-assuring.

Applying the test of whether a combination or trust is reasonably or unreasonably in restraint of trade, the United States Supreme Court has confirmed the decision of the Courts below, and the Standard Oil Trust is to be dissolved. The decisions in previous cases on the construction of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law have varied between only condemning unreasonable trusts and including all trade combinations. This fluctuation has for ten years unsettled business in America, and the decision seems to be accepted with relief. In every case now where the Government undertakes a suit against a trust the inquiry will be into its actual operations. Those contemplating the founding of a trust will, if they have the *mens concia recti*, be able to go ahead safely.

The Standard Oil Trust is found to have used means against its rivals which are not justifiable. Whether it can still carry on its practices by understandings which may give the law no hold is its problem; and it is generally supposed it will try to solve it satisfactorily for itself. The decision is more creditable to the American Courts than some people had predicted it

would be. What is reasonable or unreasonable may leave them open to the influences to which the American Courts are subject; but they have come well out of their dealings with the Standard Oil Trust. There is another point also. They might by declaring all combinations illegal have implied that there is something specially commendable about unrestrained competition, which in fact is, in some of its aspects, as bad as monopolies.

The Bishop of Hereford in sending an invitation to the Dissenters of his city to receive the Holy Communion on Coronation Day has made a scandal. We do not lay too much stress on the Rubric making confirmation a condition of receiving the Communion, though it will not do to say that this Rubric does not contemplate Dissenters. At the same time it must not be forgotten that by ecclesiastical law a traveller is a parishioner in the parish in which he resides, and it would be intolerable if a clergyman were in such a case to ask for evidence of confirmation. The offence of the Bishop of Hereford lies in his deliberately setting himself to condone schism and to upset on his own authority the post-Reformation canons of the Church. Will the Bishop satisfy himself that all his Dissenting friends have been baptised?

Oxford has decided in Congregation, which roughly is to say the professional teaching circle there, to let the scientist and mathematician cut Greek entirely. Thus the wall of compulsion is now breached. This has been done by the alliance between the superfine Greek coterie—the Farnells and the Murrays—and the anti-Greeks—unnatural but explained by themselves to weariness of everybody else. Were we sure that the breach could not widen, we should not mind much. If the scientist likes to be a Barbarian, well, let him. He is concerning himself with big and recondite things; he usually must be a specialist of specialists. But that the mass of the gentlemen of England, especially those who are to take up the amusement—or, as we must say now, follow the trade—of governing the country, should lack humanity, is anathema. We do not admire the selfish luxury of the arch-Hellenist who cares not what happens outside so long as he and one or two others can go on refining on Euripides undisturbed in their corner.

The Natural History Museum is not yet safe. The Government was asked on Tuesday whether it intended to forbid the trespass, and the Government promised papers. This is not an affair which touches naturalists alone. Common justice is with them, it is true, in their battle with the Office of Works; but there is also a point which will interest the mere Kensington burgher. If the science building is to absorb the gardens of the Natural History Museum, property in the neighbourhood will go down in value. The "amenities" of the district will be diminished. Cromwell Road no longer flourished; and in justice the Government should refuse to give it a further kick. This consideration should weigh as well as the greater public claim of the naturalists.

Two cases brought by the Society of Arts against tutors at Clark's College, one of the centres for its examinations, are probably the first of their kind. An examination paper for a candidate was sent to the College by the Society; but the candidate did not appear. His paper was done and sent in by one of the tutors who, as was to be expected, won the silver medal of the Society and a cheque for £2. The year previously, too, he had successfully performed this trick and won the medal and a three pound cheque. The College advertised the "brilliant display" of its students, and the tutor got the benefit of the cheques. The same year another tutor won a medal and money in a similar way. The head of the College threw the blame on the "very deplorable negligence of one or two of the officials". The examination rage does not nourish a very delicate morality; but a Society like the Society of Arts cannot tolerate deliberate cheating.

First he would and then he wouldn't, and though between these two states of mind he passed through a stage when he both would and wouldn't, we now know that it is all right and that he won't; and we are to keep Sir Henry G. Wood after all. What is true to-day is not always true to-morrow; and what was fact about Sir Henry a fortnight ago is no longer fact. At first he was in the mind to go to New York; later he thought of dividing his year between the United States and England; finally he declined the American proposal altogether. The fluctuations in his intentions can easily be understood. Doubtless he wished to capture America, and America, far from preparing to resist the intruder, would have welcomed him warmly: it is England that has held him back—not by violent force but by soft cajolments and other inducements. In every quarter, we learn, these inducements were offered—choral societies, orchestras, festivals and what not; and in the end superior force—attractive not repellent force—prevailed. We are heartily glad. We congratulate Sir Henry; we congratulate ourselves still more. We cannot get on without him.

The new bust of Thackeray by Mr. Leonard Jennings completely gives away the satirist, and shows to the world the man his intimates knew. Lady Ritchie is delighted that Mr. Jennings has insisted more upon "the habitual good humour of his face when in the family circle" than on the assumed gravity of the public man. Thackeray, indeed, was the gentlest satirist that ever lived. As editor of the "Cornhill" he could hardly bring himself to reject a MS. for fear of hurting his would-be contributors. The story of his actually paying for contributions that he never printed in order to conceal the fact that he had rejected them may be true or false. We do not remember exactly how the evidence points. But, even if it be a story, such stories are not told of men made of the stern stuff of the Thackeray commonly misknown.

Mr. Jerome has had a rare outburst in the "Daily Telegraph" this week about his new play. Apparently it has been generally misunderstood. Only a select little company of ladies and the miners of Northumberland have succeeded in appreciating the author's quality. Mr. Jerome is disappointed with London—especially with the critics, and the people who set up to know about drama and public policy. Here is a play all about "the biggest movement since the French Revolution", and educated people have refused to be impressed, or stirred, or converted. It might as well be a mere domestic drama for all the Cabinet seem to care.

Mr. Jerome puts his troubles as a serious author down to an early "misfortune". His "misfortune" was "Three Men in a Boat". Ever since he has been the victim of his reputation as the author of a comic book. "Three Men in a Boat" may have been a misfortune; but the books that followed could hardly have been that. A misfortune regularly repeating itself looks like carelessness. However, it is good to know even at this late date that "Three Men in a Boat" was a sinister visitation upon its author. Seeing that Mr. Jerome's eyes are at last open to the truth of his past, perhaps he will some day realise that his misfortunes are not less to-day than they were a quarter of a century ago. "Three Men in a Boat" was certainly a misfortune, but it was not a positive disaster. Mr. Jerome in quick remorse has even termed it a crime. We should have been content to pass it as a misdemeanour, compared, say, with "The Passing of the Third Floor Back". Another dramatist has said that when we in our viciousness grow hard the wise gods

"Drop our clear judgments; make us adore our errors;  
Laugh at us while we strut to our confusion".

What will be the remorse of Mr. Jerome when his eyes are quite wide-open?

#### THE TRUE MEMORIAL.

**O**F a reign like Queen Victoria's and of a Queen like Victoria one might well feel, as Byron felt of the victory of Waterloo, that the moral's truth told more simply without any colossal figure, without any trophy. If it has been true of many beside those of whom it was first said, or of whom as epitaph the saying is most famous, that the whole earth is their tomb, it must surely be more literally true of Victoria than of any other. Certainly it is infinitely more true of her, and applies with more force as an argument against the need of any local monument, than of those whom Pericles was honouring—a few brave men who had fallen in a fratricidal quarrel that can hardly be described as a great war. The orator with all his greatness was a Greek and to a Greek the world was Greece. Queen Victoria made her own monument and left her own memorial. The part for Kings and people of England now to do is to go on with her work. Victoria in a very vital way—not merely because she was the British Queen—was essential to the British Empire. Even in moments of right and patriotic emotion we would not slip into the banality of thinking of our Empire as synonymous with the world; but that the British empire is quite a large portion of the world is a plain fact; therefore it is no boasting to say that anything that affects the whole empire, certainly anything essential to it, must probably in one way or another affect all the world. So it will not be mere music-hall exaggeration to claim that the whole earth is Queen Victoria's tomb. The historian will confirm the view of the more farsighted of to-day that Victoria saved the monarchy in this country. It is difficult for people to feel very strongly for an institution if they cannot like or respect the person who embodies it. The humblest subject knows and understands a King or a Queen; he does not know nor much consider kingship. It was not possible that the people could have any live attachment to the monarchy in England after knowing it in two unlovely foreigners who could hardly talk English. Then what George III., who was at any rate an Englishman, had done to recreate monarchical feeling in the country was more than frustrated by the evil behaviour of George IV., and the coarse-minded Philistine that succeeded him was not likely to mend matters much. About the time when Victoria came to the throne things in this country were in a perilously bad way politically. Church and Throne were anything but firm. It would not have taken much to overturn the whole thing. The young Queen saved the situation. Her youth appealed to the little chivalry that was left in the aristocracy and touched the less sordid amongst the middle classes: it also caught the fancy of the working people that were not too much brutalised to rise to it. More powerful, because, of course, more enduring, was the influence of her character and her cleansing régime at court. The country at last had a sovereign it could look to with affection and respect personally.

The colonies were in their infancy; the political school that was growing into predominance set little value on them, regarding them and reckoning them up in terms of profit and loss. Some of its leading lights were coming to the conclusion that the colonies did not pay and the sooner we let them go the better. On their side the colonies were not interested in home politics nor greatly attached to the home people. But the Crown did mean something to them: it was an ideal, if not more. In the conditions of that time had the monarchy fallen, the beginnings of the empire could never have grown up together under one flag. They would have drifted apart. There could not have been the British Empire we now know. It is and has ever been the sovereign and not Parliament to whom India and the colonies look. Thus without exaggeration the British Empire is Queen Victoria's true memorial. Without her there would be no monarchy and without the monarchy no empire. King George and Queen Mary will carry on the Victorian tradition, by which we do not mean the tradition of the Victorian age but of Queen Victoria. It would

be affection not to recognise that our King is called on to face special difficulties, but in his hands the monarchy will stand the strain as it did in Queen Victoria's. He has not had his father's great experience; but Victoria had had still less—no experience indeed at all—when she succeeded. She saw the country through and she did not do it by having no mind of her own.

A good understanding with Germany—perhaps a little more—was also a Victorian ideal, an ideal of the Queen herself. Nothing could be more fit or more happy than the presence at the Memorial ceremony of the German Emperor. That great man has never left any possible doubt as to his regard for Queen Victoria, whether as his grandmother or as Queen of England. This country—through all the fits of Anglo-phobia on one side and Germano-phobia on the other—has never forgotten his long tarrying over here after the Queen's funeral. He has not been wanting in any of the nicer marks of attention to this country. He has done so much for his own land that he can realise what Queen Victoria did for ours. His presence here always helps forward a good feeling between the two countries. Between two such powers rivalry—intense, acute—is unavoidable, and international rivalry is a difficult thing for even the most powerful sovereign to ride. But King George and the Emperor William are certain at any rate to do all that sovereigns can do in these days to guide this rivalry to happy issues for both countries. "What sorrow would it be" that the greatest two nations of all the world should fall out instead of keeping the world's peace. Each of course thinks for his own country first; a King who put the world before his kingdom should be suspect indeed. But regard for one's own country is not disregard for the country of anyone else. That, we are sure, is the spirit of the patriotism of British King and German Emperor alike.

#### THE BUDGET.

**A**SIGH of relief (correspondent with loud cheers in the House of Commons) must have escaped the père de famille on learning from Wednesday's newspaper that no new taxes were to be imposed. Whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer thought that the Coronation and the hunting of the peers were excitement enough for one year, or whether he was mollified by the tide of prosperity which surges at his feet, or whether he is giving the taxpayer a breathing-time of twelve months before he strikes again, it is enough for us that he has stayed his hand. Genial and conciliatory, in the slang of Fleet Street, was Mr. Lloyd George as he unfolded his Budget on Tuesday night—as well he might be. For the first thing that impresses one in the national balance-sheet is the amazing and ever-increasing wealth of the country. Twenty-five years ago the public revenue and expenditure balanced round about the figure of £85,000,000; to-day they amount to over £181,000,000. About the same date the income-tax brought in some £9,000,000 a year; for the coming year it will bring in over £44,000,000. There is something fearful about this rapid accumulation of riches; and upon examination it will be found that, without denying the genuine and unprecedented expansion of national prosperity, the public income has been augmented chiefly at the expense of one or two selected classes of the community. The payers of income-tax, computed by Sir Charles Dilke's committee to be about a million of the population, have had their contribution multiplied by five, from £9,000,000 to £45,000,000, and allowing for the increase in the class during the last quarter of a century, it would probably amount to an individual increase of 350 per cent., which more or less corresponds with the figures. In 1874 Gladstone offered to abolish the income-tax, which then stood at 3d. in the £, the only miscalculation that statesman ever made, for he forgot that the majority of electors do not pay income-tax. In the early 'eighties the tax stood at 4d. in the £: to-day it is 1s. 2d., or three and a half times as much. Another class, which has been butchered to make a Radical holiday, consists of

all those whose capital, or income, or labour is, or was, invested in the manufacture and sale of beer and spirits. A third class, the owners of land, particularly the proprietors of large estates, have of course suffered heavily, and will suffer more, when the undeveloped land duty, the reversion duty, and the increment duty come into play. It is rather curious that the estimated revenue from the new land-taxes amounts to a little more than the sum (£250,000) required to pay members of Parliament. It must be a bitter reflection to landlords that their new taxes go to defray the salaries of those who have plundered them. Whilst we are singing paeans over the swelling opulence of the public resources, it is well to remember that the result is partially achieved by the impoverishment of certain classes, not the least deserving, of our fellow citizens.

With regard to the expenditure of the coming year, we learn, without much surprise and with no pleasure, that the cost of old-age pensions, originally estimated at £6 to £7,000,000 a year, has leaped to £12,415,000. We risk the prophecy that before ten years have passed the age limit will be lowered to sixty-five, and that the cost to the nation will be over £30,000,000 a year. The two features of interest in the Budget are the payment of members of Parliament and the initiation of a great scheme of National Insurance. These proposals engage attention, not because of the money involved during the current year, for the salaries of our representatives only total £250,000, and the preliminary expenses of the Insurance Bill only require £50,000, but because of the principles of policy therein postulated. The payment of £400 a year to every member of Parliament we regard as a perfectly deplorable transaction, and its announcement was received with a buffoonery, very unbecoming, but unhappily quite characteristic of the tone of modern politics. The money is nothing: it is the thing, its wantonness, its vulgarity, and its certain effect in degrading the public service, which must fill every educated man with disgust. The results will spread far beyond the House of Commons; the corruption will creep into every department of political and municipal life. As Lord St. Davids told the House of Lords bluntly the other night, any scheme for the reconstruction of the Second Chamber will bring in a number of impecunious partisans, for whom "provision will have to be made". Already in the London County Council a scheme is on foot for the payment of its members. Why not? The members of the London County Council work quite as hard as members of the House of Commons, many of them much harder. To please whom is this humiliation inflicted on the nation? At whose bidding is the unbought service of English gentlemen coarsely thrust aside? The Irish Nationalists have renounced the salary in advance, not from virtue, but because they prefer to take it from an Irish Parliament. The English and Scotch Liberals do not want the pay, at least they have never asked for it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer indeed advanced as a reason for the proposal that every other nation, except Italy, paid its representatives. That is no reason at all. We have hitherto prided ourselves, and with justice, that the British House of Commons was superior to every other legislative assembly in the world: at all events, it has been copied by all the other countries. Now, it appears that the House of Commons, instead of setting the example is to follow it—and such an example! The French deputy and the American congressman are such patterns of probity and wisdom that we are told we must put our members of Parliament on a level with them! But this, of course, is not the real reason for the proposal. It is to provide forty Labour members, the nominees of the trades unions, with a salary out of all proportion to their social position and public services, that the nation is to be taxed, and its pride affronted.

The vast scheme of Insurance cannot be appreciated until the Bill is introduced: its relation to the present Budget is infinitesimal. The principle of course is unimpeachable: but it is just one of those questions whose details decide their fate. Some estimates of its cost in the next few years are given by the Chancellor of the

Exchequer, to which we attach no more weight than we did to his original estimate of the cost of old-age pensions. When, therefore, Mr. Lloyd George tells us that his insurance scheme will cost next year £2,500,000 and in 1914-15 £4,781,000, we are disposed to add considerably to those amounts. With old-age pensions and State insurance we anticipate an expenditure, at no distant date, of at least £50,000,000 a year on senility and sickness and unemployment. How is this vast revenue to be obtained? Unless the taxation of the so-called rich is to be pushed to the point at which it would be better to fight, or fly, than to pay, recourse will have to be made to a tariff. Indeed the sooner we get this tariff the better. In the meantime, the best preparation for these tremendous calls upon our pockets is to pay off debt as fast as possible, which reduces the annual amount of interest. We cheerfully acknowledge that in wiping out £70,000,000 of debt in six years, two Liberal Chancellors of the Exchequer have followed the sound traditions of our national finance.

#### UNIONIST SOCIAL REFORM.

**M**R. LLOYD GEORGE'S Insurance Bill is but one sign of a general intellectual and political movement, which is robbing the Socialist of his "corner in ideas". The Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer, long wedded to Whig and Cobdenite ideas of economics, introduces a Bill which strikes at their most cherished traditions: "yet no man rose and smote him, not a word from all the Greeks". On the contrary the Liberals welcomed with enthusiasm a proposition which, if the political economy of Cobdenism is any way valid, must lead to the shutting down of many industries or to an increase of cost to the consumer. But we believe that the average Liberal is much more sensible than are his principles; he may use "Dear Food" as an electoral cry in a difficulty: he does not really believe that a tax on production, and the State Insurance Bill is a tax on production, really brings in its train all the evils he says it does when he is fighting a popular policy like Tariff Reform. The fact is that the Liberal party attacked the national tariff in 1903 partly because they were many of them at that time unrepentant and hoary individualists, and partly because it was urgently necessary for them to discover some cry which would rally a party distracted by old quarrels over the war and by internecine personal rivalries. If the Liberals will not accept the tariff now the country will, and the determination of the country must find its expression in the choice of new Ministers. Cobdenism at least is dead. For this relief Unionism will pay much and willingly.

Not less curious and equally interesting is the attitude of the Labour party towards Social Reform. With what rapture they should have hailed Mr. Lloyd George's Bill. How enthusiastic they should have been over the formation of Mr. F. E. Smith's Committee. The artist of the future ought to have been able to adorn the walls of Westminster with a picture representing Mr. Keir Hardie embracing Mr. Lloyd George at the conclusion of his State Insurance Bill speech, or Mr. Ramsay Macdonald attending a dinner of Unionist Social Reformers. Nothing of the kind has happened. The party which professes to represent a vast mass of skilled industrialists who benefit largely and not undeservedly under the Bill has received it with a sort of sullen acquiescence. Their attitude might be summed up in the sentence "We wish the Liberals and Tories had never thought of this, but since they have thought of it we cannot very well object". The fundamental divergence between a real Labour party, bent on representing the peculiar interests of the working man, and a merely political group calling their theories of the State the working-class interest, has seldom been illustrated more aptly. For a real labour party one would have the greatest regard. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and his friends, however, seem to be perfectly satisfied with a sort of passive and reluctant subservience to the Prime Minister. They are the

greatest Whigs in the House: they can with satisfaction to themselves spend their whole time thinking about the Veto and the Lords—for the condition of the people they have no leisure.

The Unionist party, the historic pioneers of social reform, has pulled itself together after a lapse or a nap. For this a great deal of credit must be given to Mr. F. E. Smith and the Unionist Social Reform Committee which he founded a few months ago. The step was a bold one, but it succeeded, and it has been proved once again that nothing succeeds like success. Everyone (always excepting Sir Frederick Banbury) is a Social Reformer nowadays. There are, however, two points of criticism which a friendly observer may be allowed to make. Speeches at dinners are neither the beginning nor the end of political activity. The real work must be done in the Sub-Committees which the Unionist social reformers are founding or have founded. Half an hour of question and answer across a table is worth many perorations. One further caution must be added. It would be a disaster if the Tory Democrats drifted into a sort of accidental antagonism to skilled labour and the Trades Unions. It is a case for the exercise of a little charity and imagination. The Trades Unions are not the Socialist Labour party, though from a House of Commons point of view it may be natural to suppose that they are. The Trades Unions have done a great and notable work in this country, as Disraeli pointed out when he helped them in the past, and would be the first to point out to-day were he still with us. They have been the prime factor in raising the conditions of vast masses of the people. That they have apparently, rather than actually, fallen into the hands of the socialist ranter, is a misfortune but not a crime which events cannot efface. The younger Unionists who are re-awakening the memories of the Tory past should recollect what Disraeli said on the Chartist petition, and not allow the so-called leaders of labour to estrange them from labour itself. For the rest the work of the Unionist Social Reform Committee has given the party new ideals and new hopes. Mr. F. E. Smith pointed out last week at Birmingham, that shrine of Tory Democracy, where Lord Randolph Churchill fought John Bright and Mr. Chamberlain broke Mr. Gladstone, what the real objects of the Tory party must be. He appealed not only to recent and living leaders but to the names of Chatham, Canning, and Beaconsfield. Unionists can realise that sacrifices must be made in peace to raise the standard of national health, happiness, and efficiency, just as lives and money must be spent in war to preserve the existence of the nation. If the Unionist party did not believe this, they had in the State Insurance Bill, which is to be read a second time next Wednesday, an easy chance of making trouble. They did nothing of the kind. Mr. Austen Chamberlain welcomed the Bill because it is right in principle: so right indeed is it as to be eminently Tory in all its main ideas. The Opposition, of course, reserves the right to criticise—it could do no less, and the Chancellor will make, as we said last week, a great mistake if he tries to Burke criticism and to rush the measure. Those "young man in a hurry" tactics will bring a tremendous back-kick if anything goes wrong, and if the Opposition can say truly that they had no time to discuss the measure. The Chancellor had better take the advice of friends, even if they are opponents, and go slow. The Unionist Social Reform Committee have not, however, confined themselves to discussing the Insurance Bill, of which they probably know more than the average Ministerial back-bencher. As Mr. Smith indicated at Birmingham, they have wider views. The social life of England has in many ways to be placed on a new basis, and the Unionist party is best fitted to undertake the task. It is not dominated by ideas of class-hatred, on the contrary it alone can get the classes to work for the efficiency of the masses. On Housing, on Poor Law Reform, that gigantic question we all must face, on Emigration and on Tariff Reform, a consistent policy lies before us. Let us work now while we have time; then we shall be ready when we are called on to put that policy into practice.

## THE CITY.

ONCE again the stock markets have experienced the benefit of a fair-sized bear account; for the improvement in quotations that has taken place is almost entirely due in the first instance to bear repurchases. Neither of the two big events of the week—the Budget and the Standard Oil decision—could be logically construed as favouring an advance in prices. Mr. Lloyd George's remarks re-directed attention to such evidences of prosperity as are shown in trade returns and railway traffics, and the bears of home rails forgot the labour clouds which they had previously been watching with field-glasses and commenced putting stock back on their books. The firmness of railway securities lent stability to the rest of the markets, though business was not really active.

To some extent the strength of home rails was inspired by the American market, which has been paradoxically buoyant because the Supreme Court has at last declared that the Standard Oil Company must be dissolved. Here again the explanation of the rise lies in the existence of a bear account, not a very large one perhaps, but large enough to start prices on the up-grade, especially as professional traders who were not "short" determined to make the bears pay dearly for their temerity. Of course, Wall Street is relieved to have the Standard Oil case settled, but when that has been said the favourable aspects of the matter are exhausted. It was never expected, or suggested, by any serious person that the fate of the Standard Oil Company in this case would apply to all or any other Trusts, for the simple reason that there is no other "monopoly in restraint of trade" which can compare with the Oil Trust. That other Trust cases will be decided entirely on their own merits goes without saying; but it has been brought forward as a bull argument or as an explanation of the rise. The facts are that the advance has been largely manipulated by powerful interests who naturally want to see prices higher. The interesting question is whether the American public will be enticed into a new bout of speculation after so long a period of abstention. If the public should start buying, prices will go much higher; if not, the market will soon resume its former quietude. It is typical of Wall Street that the rise should have been led by Steels, as the Steel Trust is now threatened with Government investigation; but in this case there is nothing serious to be feared. One of the Steel Corporation's troubles is that it has never been able to freeze out competitors. Its only vulnerable point is the acquisition of the Tennessee Iron and Coal Company, for which Mr. Morgan had Mr. Roosevelt's sanction during the panic in 1907, and it is quite likely that the threatened investigation is primarily a political move to hit Mr. Roosevelt.

The firmness of Canadian Pacifics has been easily maintained with Americans strong, and Grand Trunks were assisted by a traffic increase of £5,600, which was fully up to market expectations. Among foreign rails Mexicans benefited from a traffic increase of \$2,800, which, in view of the Chairman's recent warning, was quite unexpected. A more favourable interpretation of the cryptic advices from the seat of disturbances was also a favourable influence. The traffic returns of the Argentine railways are satisfactory, apart from the Great Southern, on which heavy rains had delayed traffic; stocks, however, were overshadowed by the Bahia Blanca £1,000,000 issue, which was not wholly taken up by the public. The new stock, nevertheless, is in thoroughly strong hands.

Dealers in the mining markets are heartily tired of the monotonous dullness, and the sentiment is so doleful that no one has a good word to say for Kaffirs, while the few verbally optimistic habitués of the Rhodesian and West African sections lack the courage of their convictions. In the rubber department anxiety exists, firstly, concerning rumours that an important Mincing Lane operator is in difficulties, and, secondly, owing to uncertainty as to the probable policy of the Brazilian Syndicate whose alleged control of a large quantity of rubber renders the market for the raw material

very difficult to forecast. Some excellent yields, however, are now obtainable on good-class rubber shares, and bargain-hunters will shortly be taking advantage of the opportunities offered.

The oil share market is still one of the most interesting in the "House," although the public is not participating very actively in its fluctuation. Ural Caspians have formed, the chief feature, with news of a tremendous gusher, followed by a big fire which consumed all the oil, and succeeded by the choking of the well with sand, which exhausted the supply of oil and allowed the fire to go out. This procession of sensational cablegrams from the property caused violent fluctuations which have finally left prices at a sharp advance. The company has an enormous property and has apparently struck a big oil supply. The floating of a subsidiary company is thus foreshadowed. Maikop shares have been depressed somewhat by a discussion of the merits of the field. The outcome of the arguments is briefly that some companies will attain success, but others will never find oil—a truism which has been acknowledged by experts from the first.

## INSURANCE.

## THE SCOTTISH WIDOWS' FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

AMONG the British life offices which solely transact ordinary life assurance business the Scottish Widows'—as it is familiarly called—has long held the premier position, and its supremacy is not likely to be seriously challenged in the near future, notwithstanding the activity of rival companies, and the number of amalgamations which may still be effected. Every management is aware that much depends upon wearing the laurel crown, but all attempts to wrest the trophy from this old Society have thus far failed, and it seems quite able to take care of its interests in these days of strenuous competition. Founded in 1815, the Society is now nearly a century old, but it has never ceased to make steady progress, and to-day its vitality is as much in evidence as at any former period; indeed, strength is apparently being gained with age. During the last two decades or so the strides made have been immense. It was not until the year 1889 had been entered upon that the accumulated funds passed the ten million pounds mark, and in that year a life premium income of £803,819 was reported, while the new business transacted was represented by an output of 2,175 policies, assuring a net sum of £1,283,728, with new premiums of £47,760. At the next septennial investigation, made as at the end of 1894, the funds had increased to £12,463,968, and seven years later their amount was £15,839,427. In the next septennium a total of £19,197,975 was reached, inclusive of the £400,000 held as a reserve fund, and in the final year the premium income, net, rose to £1,185,762, consideration for annuities granted, interest, and sundries increasing the total income to £2,049,552, after all deductions had been made.

Under the Assurance Companies Act, 1909, investigations must take place at intervals not greater than five years, and at the annual meeting in March last the members sanctioned a proposal for quinquennial valuations. The next investigation is, therefore, due on December 31, 1913, and the announcement which will then be made ought to prove satisfactory, because the current term has been started in brilliant fashion. In 1909 the funds increased by £353,540, to £19,550,615; the premium income advanced to £1,234,033, and the total income, less income tax, to £2,118,385. These large aggregates were carried to £20,240,396, £1,258,509, and £2,180,696 respectively in 1910, so that the two years' work resulted in a sum of £1,043,321 being added to the funds, £689,781 of the increase having been secured last year, while there has been a gain of £72,748 in the premium income and one of £92,864 in the case of the total income. In order to arrive at the actual growth of the assurance funds since 1908 it is of course necessary to eliminate the annuity transactions on both sides of the account, but when this

is done the Scottish Widows' is found to have saved £252,720 in the year when profits were divided and £599,737 in the next year.

What is so noticeable in connexion with the management of this famous Society is the regularity with which the yearly stream of new business harmonises with the volume of assurances in force. As the renewal premium income expands, so, pari passu, does the amount of the new premiums. Fluctuations of course occur, but these mainly result from social and political changes, and from new laws, such as the increased Death Duties. Compare last year's transactions with those recorded for 1889, the year when the funds amounted to one-half their present total. The figures for that year are given above, and we find that in 1910 the Society issued 3,796 policies, which assured a sum of £2,373,470, at premiums amounting to £102,793 including £10,956 by single payments. For a business which had doubled in size just twice the volume of new business was required, and it was obtained.

The stability of the administration is quite as apparent in other directions. Working charges remain practically unchanged, except in years when valuation expenses have to be met, and during the forty-nine years ending in 1908 the septennial expense ratios merely fluctuated between 11.23 per cent. and 10.07 per cent. Very little alteration has occurred, moreover, in the average rate of interest earned, the septennial average having been £4 6s. 1d. per cent. in 1867-73, £4 5s. 6d. in 1874-80, £4 2s. 1d. in 1881-87, £4 4s. 4d. in 1888-94, £3 18s. 3d. in 1895-1901, and £3 19s. 2d. in 1902-08; while for the last three years the rates were £4 1s. 5d. in 1908, £4 1s. 9d. in 1909, and £4 2s. 4d. in 1910. Even more remarkable has been the steadfastness with which the proportion of the business in force without profits has been maintained. Taking the same seven septenniums, the extreme fluctuation, as disclosed by the valuation summaries, was from 6 per cent. in one period to 5.2 per cent. in another. It may be questioned whether the business of any other life office has been conducted on similarly undeviating principles, or with quite equal success. In respect of the 1867-73 septennium, the "compound" bonus declared was at the rate of 33s. per cent. per annum, but at the next investigation there was an increase to 34s., and that rate has ever since been maintained.

#### ON PUBLIC MONUMENTS.

BY ROWLAND STRONG.

THE Americans constantly gibe at the English for having no sense of humour. That this charge should be persistently brought against the countrymen of Sterne, Fielding, and Dickens, to say nothing of Shakespeare, seems on first thoughts to be manifestly unjust. Yet a little reflection will perhaps enable us to grasp why the American (who himself only sees three jokes) has formed this opinion of us. There can be no sense of humour without a quick and vivid sense of incongruity. For over four hundred years the "eccentric Englishman" has been a by-word on the Continent. Ben Jonson caricatured the "mad Englishman", and "der verrückter Engländer" is an expression which you will still commonly hear in Germany. The elderly men who go about in London (as I have seen them) in frock coats, white waistcoats, white spats, patent leather boots, and no hats, are simply maintaining a century-old tradition. They lack the sense of incongruity, and with it, of course, the sense of humour.

Now good taste is also in a large measure governed by a sense of the incongruous. This is the reason why so few of the public monuments in London are worthy to have been set up in the world's greatest capital. A more acute sense of the incongruous, a keener sense of humour, better taste, would have prevented the erection of such pitiful scarecrows. There is Dr. Johnson, for instance, the physical as well as intellectual giant, but behold him now, on a pedestal, in his favourite Fleet Street, a round-shouldered, bandy-legged pygmy. Sir Henry Irving was a popular actor, but behind the

National Gallery, and thanks to the genial talent of Sir Thomas Brock, he stands forth in cap and gown with the pedantry of a professor, and the majesty of a world-shaking statesman. The sculptor (without meaning it: indeed could he have meant anything?) has thus enabled Irving to play in bronze three rôles at once upon the stage of immortality, all equally badly, and so to beat the record of the Great Lafayette. Even the Americans who pass by do not smile. The situation does not come within the narrow scope of their humour. To take a more important example: the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, the first of the sky-scraping monuments, of incongruous hugeness, and cumbersome by its position. It was so much abused at the time of its erection, chiefly on account of its gaudiness, that to criticise its artistic qualities now would be a work of supererogation. Gaudy it undoubtedly is, though not more gaudy than good Gothic has a right to be. One must not forget that the western façade of Chartres Cathedral was completely painted and gilded. No doubt Sir Gilbert Scott was aware of that, for he was a learned man. Like his illustrious congener, the late Viollet le Duc, he knew enough about Gothic architecture ruthlessly to restore and ruin quite two-thirds of the cathedrals of his native country. But what is the Albert Memorial doing in a public park? Its situation alone is incongruous. It converts what should be one of the lungs of London, one of the recreation grounds of the metropolis, into a sort of God's-acre, a solemn garden surrounding the melancholy monument of Royal and Imperial grief for a deceased consort. It is the Taj-Mahal of Knightsbridge. Then, again, look at its incongruous proportions. I yield to no one in my admiration for the distinguished prince whose useful career it commemorates, but were we to roll Shakespeare, Wellington, Browning, and the Seven Champions of Christendom all into one, with, say, Moses thrown in, just to give the right modern leaven to the second batch, the collective effigy thus obtained, in which surely the purest glories of England would be represented, would hardly merit that orgy of gold-leaf, that almost idolatrous wealth of Gothic ecclesiastical symbol. As far as possible a monument should not be permitted brazenly to falsify history. Yet there sits Albert the Good—literally as good as gold, for he is en double fixe, as the Parisians say (who invented the process)—and his eternal pose is a sort of Galtonesque résumé of all the attitudes of Buddha. His statue is several times larger than life, reminding one, in its excessive disproportion with the importance of the subject, of that preposterous Palais de Justice in Brussels which (as everybody knows) is several times bigger than Belgium. The Gothic canopy which covers the august and golden head rises through dizzy heights to a cross-topped spire, one of those "spires whose silent fingers point to heaven".

Far be it from me to take a curmudgeonly view of public monuments; but it is essential that good taste should be respected. When it is violated, and when the public interest, from the aesthetic standpoint, is interfered with, a protest should be raised however unpopular it may prove to be. I have dwelt at some length on the Albert Memorial, for it represents, so to speak, the thin end of the wedge (the simile is a little strained) of the modern tendency, which I cannot look upon otherwise than as highly deplorable, to fill up our public parks with huge masses of stone and building material, and incidentally to divert them from their natural purpose. So far the English have not been by any means the worst offenders in this respect. In Paris the Luxembourg Garden has become a necropolis, and the same fate is hanging over the Tuilleries Garden. There is a certain Avenue of Kings in the Thiergarten at Berlin which for desperate ugliness would take a deal of beating. But the Albert Memorial was the first link in what is now a chain, for the second link has just been riveted, and this chain bids fair, unless the danger is promptly pointed out, and recognised, to engirdle and strangle out of existence all the public parks of London. That second link is the Queen Victoria Memorial (I am sorry; but so it is). Let it be thoroughly understood that the objections which I am about to raise to that

monument are purely of the æsthetic order. That Queen Victoria was the greatest monarch that has reigned over England since Elizabeth, that her loss was irreparable, and is especially keenly felt at the present moment, are self-evident propositions. One may look in vain for Elizabeth's monument in any prominent place, but that is no reason why those who were her loving and grateful subjects should not raise to the memory of Queen Victoria a fitting stone to be the altar of their affectionate worship. It is to the huge, the monstrously huge pile of marble which faces Buckingham Palace that exception is here taken, on account of its site in the first place, and secondly on æsthetic grounds. It alters, and to a great degree ruins, the aspect of S. James' Park. That must be obvious to every impartial mind. Birdcage Walk has been converted into a sort of meaningless Champs Elysées, and its many tender mysteries have been swept away. The most capriciously disposed of all the London thoroughfares, it has entirely lost its original and exquisite cachet. (The very birdcages have gone!) The architectural efforts which have been made at the Charing Cross end to convert this now dust-swept drive (a Walk no longer!) into an imitation of the beautiful prospect with its incomparable vistas that in Paris extends from the Porte d'honneur of the whilom Tuilleries across the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe are destined to fail, inasmuch as Birdcage Walk can never (thank goodness!) be got into line with Trafalgar Square, without tearing down some of the most valuable house property in London. As it stands, the Memorial has no commanding aspect if viewed from a distance. Seen from the further end of the Walk, it is merely a white splash on the face of Buckingham Palace, and destroys the uninteresting but by no means inharmonious lines of that Royal building. There is a certain charm about the much decried Buckingham Palace, a haunting suggestiveness of colour, a mid-Victorian patine, that indescribable gift of Time, the priceless rien which makes the ugliest object precious; thus naturally the idea has been seriously and publicly mooted by admirers of the Memorial to whitewash the Palace, so that Palace and Memorial may be of the same colour. As far as I know, and up till yesterday, this abominable act of Vandalism has not yet been perpetrated, but there is no guarantee that it may not be put into effect sooner or later. Quite as great a piece of Vandalism is the construction of the broad road across the Green Park to Piccadilly, intended to give a perspective to the Memorial, but in reality it has merely deprived the park of its rural and secluded note which was its chief charm, has driven the day-dreamers and the browsing sheep from their favourite haunts, and has made two uninviting bas côtés, or side lawns, of what was once a rolling meadow.

All this, or at least some of it, might be forgiven unto the Memorial had it any real pretensions to artistic merit. But that surely no one can seriously claim. Sir Thomas Brock may be a skilful stone-cutter, but a sculptor who presents himself to the public as an artist, a composer of frozen music, a creator in marble, should at least have a sense of balance. With the laudable intention of giving commanding proportions to his figure of the Queen, he has wrought it to the scale of a figure eighteen and a half inches tall. But the figures on a smaller scale which surround it, those of Justice, Truth, etc., are to all intents and purposes on the same plane. The result is that they are made to look disproportionately small by comparison with the Royal statue, and themselves tend to make the Queen's figure disproportionately big, a different thing of course from commanding. The incongruous effect is further added to by the figure of Victory on the summit of the monument being on another scale though in the same focus as the other figures. Thus we get three different scales all clashing with and destroying one another. The figure of Victory is, by the way, as ugly as her sister on the Siegesäule in Berlin, which is saying a good deal. At the risk of appearing ungracious, I must further add that she is standing upon the Globe as if she were performing a circus trick, and that her back view is

unbalanced and scraggy. In honour of the Navy only nautical devices and emblems have been furnished by the sculptor to explain his Victory, but surely it will not be thought invidious to remind Sir Thomas Brock that, splendid as our Navy is, it was the Army that won most of the great victories which lent glory to Queen Victoria's reign. Anomalies and incongruities—one could multiply examples, for they make up the dominant note of the Memorial and its surroundings. Had good taste and a sense of humour, those fairy godmothers, been invited to the baptism of the scheme no spell of ugliness and incongruity would have been cast over it: this sad tale need not have been told.

### THE MELANCHOLY JAQUES.

SIR HERBERT TREE is not alone in his ideas of the way in which the plays of Shakespeare should be produced. Sir Herbert Tree is the worst living producer of Shakespeare, simply because he is more thorough than his fellows. He has accepted a vicious theory, and he has applied it more whole-heartedly, and with greater expenditure of money and ingenuity, than anyone else. Therefore his productions are the best text for a critical commentary. But to show that I have no particular quarrel with Sir Herbert Tree, I am going to hang my criticism this week on the production of "As You Like It" at the New Theatre.

It is a production which has all the faults usually associated with His Majesty's, and none of the merits. You are at least compelled to admit of Sir Herbert Tree that what he aims at doing he does exceeding well; but at the New Theatre one was not even permitted the kind of pleasure to be got from watching an expert paper-hanger. As at His Majesty's, there was an attempt at a literal translation of Shakespeare's verse into scenic effects; the interpolation of comic business for which great blocks of the text had to be sacrificed; and the introduction, where possible, of performing livestock. But Sir Herbert Tree has never shown himself quite so lacking in judgment in what he has chosen to leave out as the person, or committee of persons, who doctored the play for Miss Neilson-Terry; and his animals are never quite so obviously fresh from an engagement at the Hippodrome as the goats who eat green food and play hide and seek with Corin in S. Martin's Lane.

All objections to the modern presentation of Shakespeare in our commercial theatres meet in the person of the melancholy Jaques as he takes the stage to deliver the "Seven ages of man". Every resource of theatrical management is employed to defeat Shakespeare's intention. I am not referring at all invidiously to the Jaques of the New Theatre production: in fact he is not so bad as the majority. He began his speech in the right way—casually peeling an apple. But he ended in the bad old style. The "seven ages" speech is usually delivered as though its author intended it to contain his most finished wisdom. Jaques formally takes possession of a stage littered about with cardboard trees, and the rest of the company group themselves prettily about him. He delivers his lines with every circumstance of gravity. He creates a profound impression upon his hearers in the play, and there is prolonged applause from the audience in the theatre. Shakespeare probably foresaw the possibility that his audiences would entirely misunderstand the melancholy Jaques, and he has therefore been at some pains to underline his intentions. His pains were wasted, because British audiences see only what they want to see. They like their own idea of Jaques better than Shakespeare's, and the theatrical managers humour them by invariably cutting out the lines in which Shakespeare gives them the lie. They desire to see in Jaques a penetrating and cynical philosopher, putting the life of man in a nutshell—a wise, melancholy, disillusioned man, but fundamentally respectable and good-hearted. Therefore they deliberately shut their eyes to the fact that Shakespeare has presented their favourite as a shallow and ineffectual person of disreputable antecedents. Jaques is the

laughing-stock of his companions. He is, in fact, the rake reformed, turning from sheer weariness into a moralist of copy-book intelligence—a familiar British figure, disguised in a French beard because Shakespeare did not want to be unpopular. The Duke sums him up in six lines when Jaques would be a fool and reform the world :

JAQUES : What, for a counter, would I do but good?  
DUKE S. : Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin :

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;  
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,  
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Everyone in the play sees clean through Jaques. Even Orlando is not too lovesick to tell him he is an ass. Touchstone sums him up at a first meeting, and fools him to the top of his sententious bent; whereupon Jaques comes straight to his companions and with sublime unconsciousness makes a speech which shows how completely he has been taken in. In spite of all this, the British public insists that Jaques is a miracle of profound wisdom, and hangs upon his "seven ages" as though Shakespeare had poured into him the whole content of his mind. Even in the setting of this speech Shakespeare was careful to show to anyone possessed with a sense of construction that for itself it was negligible. Time had to be filled between the exit of Orlando to bring in Adam and his return. A casual remark of the Duke starts off Jaques with a platitude common to the whole tribe of Renaissance poets. Shakespeare then gives him leave to fill a necessary pause in the play and thereby reveal the mean shallows of his mind by a discourse upon life which is intended simply as a key to the character of the speaker. Shakespeare keeps from his language, as far as possible, all magic of style or figure, and from the thought all depth or distinction. It is this speech which has been delivered and received at innumerable performances, as it is delivered and received at the New Theatre, with applause and wonder at its profundity. I have seen only one presentment of the melancholy Jaques that came near to Shakespeare's intention. Some time ago in the provinces I came upon Mr. Oscar Asche in the part. Mr. Asche is one of the very few actors and producers who treats the plays of Shakespeare as live dramatic stuff, and he has refused to accept the traditional Jaques without reading the play for himself. His delivery of the "seven ages" speech was as perfect a piece of foolery as I have seen, and I hope that he will repeat it again at His Majesty's Theatre next Tuesday afternoon. So far as I remember, Mr. Asche was chewing apples when the cue came and the "seven ages of man" succeeded each other in the intervals of mastication. His Jaques was an intelligent and thoughtful study. It was not the Jaques of Shakespeare. The Jaques of Shakespeare is absolutely without humour; and Mr. Asche does not like to put humour altogether away, if he can keep it in without being entirely inconsistent.

The false interpretation of the character of Jaques is at the heart of the artistic failure of the commercial theatre in dealing with the plays of Shakespeare. It is another proof that the public attends Shakespeare, not for his true qualities, but for the qualities they choose to see in him. Shakespeare has filled his plays with exquisite poetry, and prose the like of which has never been written before in any language. Both poetry and prose are hopelessly marred by delivery which not only fails to be good, but as I showed a few weeks ago deliberately aims at being bad. An inexperienced and not very intelligent young actress is permitted to destroy with falsehoods of voice and manner some of the most wonderful prose ever written, and to thrust the raw personality of her salad days between Shakespeare's conception and her audience. This in a civilised country should be impossible. It is not only possible, but popular; as only very few seem to care a jot what becomes of Shakespeare's poetry or his prose in the mouths of our players. The

fate of Jaques is simply the obverse of the picture. The commercial Jaques is the result of the determination of the British public to see in Shakespeare what they like; just as their indifference to the bad delivery of his plays shows their insensibility to what they do not care for. They would have made Polonius the hero of "Hamlet" if Shakespeare had left them any choice in the matter. Jaques is not alone unfortunate. He is one of a host. He has perhaps been more misunderstood than most of Shakespeare's characters. That is partly the fault of Shakespeare; for, really, Jaques has no business to be in "As You Like It" at all. "As You Like It" is pure fantasy; and Jaques is a "comic" figure in the French sense—one of Shakespeare's very few comic studies in the manner of Molière. In "As You Like It" he is misplaced. But I hardly think the common misunderstanding is very particularly due to this. The public that applauds the "seven ages of man" would have mistaken Jaques anywhere. In real life they would have made him president of the local literary society; and he would probably end with a knighthood.

P. J.

#### TSCHAIKOWSKY'S TRAGIC SYMPHONY.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

NIKISCH is from beginning to end, from head to foot, a poseur, and his conducting has always been extremely distasteful to me. His readings are very often mere affectation and not the fruits of an honest desire to interpret what he sees in the music. When he first visited this country he seemed to me determined at all costs to be different from other conductors, emphasising, for instance, inner parts in a score when there was no indication that the composer wished them to be emphasised, trying to get rubato effects, taking unpardonable liberties with the tempi. That he can conduct no one would dream of denying; that he could, as he would, conduct very finely is equally undeniable. It is seldom that he wills. But on Monday night he did will and the result was as satisfying a concert as I have ever listened to. The principal item was Tschaikowsky's fifth symphony, that in E minor, about which I have a good deal to say, but first I will clear away some other matters. Weber's "Freischütz" overture was beautifully played, though one was made uneasy by the slowness of the introduction: it seemed as though the orchestra could not possibly sustain those long notes to the end. This tempo was worse than unnecessary—it was not true to Weber's intention: it turned a purely romantic piece of music into a piece of Beethoven tragedy. However, the allegro came off magnificently—the roar of the night storm in the black woods, the Devil's hunt and Agatha's glorious song were all superb. Mr. Holbrooke's "Queen Mab" tone poem I had not heard before. It is in three movements, linked together in quite the up-to-date fashion, and, as rendered by Nikisch, the second and last were far superior to the first. That first is meant to be pure fairy music, and it is not. Muted strings and soft wood-wind are employed, but the music itself is not fairy-like; it lacks character and atmosphere. The slow portion is better, though there is a terrible lot in it out of the third act of "Tristan". Best of all is the finale, illustrating Mercutio's remarks about Queen Mab setting the soldier dreaming of cutting foreign throats. The blending of martial, almost bloodthirsty, music with amatory strains is first-rate picture painting, and the uncanny sense of unreality, of the whole thing being a dream, is attained by a series of masterly strokes. Nikisch handled the piece rather roughly throughout and was at his worst in the first movement; but still, it all sounded fine; in fact it is the best composition of Holbrooke's I have yet heard. Paderewski's piano-concerto, played in a workman-like manner by Mr. Ernest Schelling, is too ancient a work to need lengthy notice. I remember the composer playing it at the old S. James' Hall some ages ago. It is not of any great importance, though

it affords the pianist some chances of showing what he can do with his fingers, wrist and forearm.

The big thing of the evening, however, was the Tschaikowsky symphony, a much more significant achievement than the Pathetic. It is indeed an astounding work, beautiful and horrible at once, strong and puerile at once, a tremendous work of art built up of such materials as never were used for a great work of art in the world before and on a spiritual or emotional basis such as has never served a great composer before. The only parallel to it that I can think of is one of those mad etchings of Piranesi. It is a nightmare, a glimpse into the secret workings of a mind utterly deranged, yet, I must insist, a very great work of art. The mood it expresses is downright black gloom with moments of unreasonable, insane, exaltation. That mood is of course the mood of the Pathetic; but the Pathetic is pretty, mild, mere milk and water, by its side. Or perhaps I might make a more accurate comparison thus: the Pathetic is full of the sadness and hopelessness of Mozart's Requiem; the Fifth, which carries no nickname, is full of the spirit of Chopin's Funeral March with the despair intensified to a terrifying degree and with quaking fear and horror added. One marvels that a man in such a state of mind could, or would, compose at all; and yet, Tschaikowsky being a born musician and finding in music his natural and sole mode of utterance, it was just because of the intensity of his awful feelings that he created so tremendous a symphony.

Those who know tell me that in Piranesi's mad etchings there is as fine technique, workmanship, as ever an etcher has been master of. That is true of this symphony. The workmanship is finer than that of the Pathetic; it is more robust, there are fewer trifling effects; nothing is done for show self-consciously. Comparisons are odious, we all know, but not when drawn between two works of the same composer; and the Fifth Symphony can best be analysed by comparing it at the same time with the Pathetic. The slow introduction, then, to the first movement of the Fifth is pure music: it could stand by itself; the corresponding part of the Pathetic is nothing more than lugubrious colour—it only arouses, and was meant to arouse nothing more than, expectancy of the Allegro that is to follow. The slow introduction of the Fifth proclaims the mood that is to prevail throughout the symphony; that of the Pathetic might be followed by anything else you like. The theme of the Allegro is strong, though devil-may-care; that of the Allegro of the Pathetic is a mere wail. The following themes in the Fifth are poignantly expressive; the second principal theme of the Pathetic is a weak, nauseating bit of drawing-room sentimentality. And, not to drag out the comparison until our necks are broken, whereas the Pathetic ends with another wail, the Fifth ends with a vigorous kicking against the pricks, a tremendous, if futile, endeavour to throw the burden off his mind, to awake from the nightmare.

Tschairowsky's invention was at its best, fullest, freshest, in this earlier work. Take that last movement: it bears the hall-mark of all the great music; bar follows bar, and passage passage, closely and inevitably, like water follows water in a river: there is no uncertainty: the next thing comes because it *must* come. In poetry and music this is the supreme test. The invention is absolutely continuous, and the music itself speaks: it does not simply indicate a state of mind: it compels us, listening to it, to fall into the composer's state of mind. And a pretty state of mind it is: I would not on any account be a great composer, as Tschairowsky really was, if to suffer such agonies must necessarily be the price. He lets us peep—nay, compels us to look—into spectre-haunted chambers of the mind; we realise that he was the victim of a nameless horror, of the terror that flieh by night; a frightful impalpable menace seems to hover over him—he is the victim of a hideous nightmare and he cannot awake out of a dreadful sleep.

The music reaches the highest mark in the finale, but the Andante runs it very close. The beauty of the thing is inexpressible and would be Mozartean but for an unfortunate trick Tschairowsky had of needlessly introduc-

ing sentimental phraseology when there was nothing sentimental in his mind. It is purely a trick and, I say, an unfortunate one, and still more unfortunately it is one that towards the last mastered Tschairowsky altogether and he penned that fearful and abominable second subject in the first movement of the Pathetic. The theme of the slow movement is, in a more virile form, made to serve as the second subject of the finale; and there, all sentimentality and weakness being eliminated, its effect is glorious. Glorious, glorious and horrible, the whole of that finale is: the strength of that bass marching steadily on is quite Handelian. If only the music lying above it had been Handelian! The waltz would be charming also but for that pervading sense of latent madness, the nightmare feeling.

The symphony is a miracle and it was miraculously interpreted by Nikisch and the London Symphony orchestra. The conductor will doubtless be highly delighted to hear that I cordially forgive him most of his tricks and mannerisms for this performance. He slurred over the puerilities I have referred to—those babyish antiphonal passages, for example, between wind and strings, those blaring trombone passages without meaning and put in without a reason. The band to a man entered into the spirit of the thing; in the finale the basses had, so to say, a deuce of a time but never missed a note or fumbled a phrase. In a word, the rendering was the finest I have heard of a Tschairowsky symphony.

#### A NOTE ON MURRAY GUTHRIE.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

**N**OT everyone who reads this page will know even the name of Murray Guthrie; although had the course of destiny been altered by a hair's breadth his name might have been conspicuous in the public life and annals of his country. The man who dies at forty has had time, it is true, in which to show his quality, but it is purely a matter of chance if he shall have had time to apply it in any of the walks of life that bring public fame. Yet there are many kinds of achievement, and perhaps the most brilliant of all successes are those which come close to failure and non-fulfilment. Murray Guthrie's success was of this kind. To the world at large that has heard of him at all, and to those who have read the obituary notices of the last few weeks, he was merely a man of promise who had for seven years held for the Conservatives the Bow and Bromley division of the Tower Hamlets, who was the director of important financial companies, and who belonged by birth, education, marriage, and inclination to that very wide-reaching life that embraces all that is most interesting in the social and political worlds as well as the world of affairs; and who died early. Dry facts these; and inconspicuous as a record of anyone born to Murray Guthrie's material advantages; eloquent in themselves neither of failure nor success. If they were all, there would be little need to say anything here about Murray Guthrie. Indeed to people who knew him but slightly he seemed quite an ordinary man—ordinary, that is to say, in England, where the average is rather high. And to people who knew him socially there was little to see, little to observe but a good-looking person of a rather reserved and extremely attractive personality. You met prime ministers and ambassadors at his table, but you heard no ponderous talk either from them or Murray Guthrie; his guests sat there, as he did himself, simply on their human merits, and his affectation, if he had one, was of an almost exaggerated simplicity and commonplace. To the very real reserve of the Scotchman he added the rather artificial, phlegmatic mask worn by nervous Englishmen; so he moved about in the world without splash or commotion, as a creature moves who is perfectly adapted to his element.

He might have gone on thus and never been conspicuous for anything; he might never have realised his possibilities, if the arm of fate had not been suddenly stretched out and taken him in a cruel grip. The man I have described was a man, you would say, with

everything before him ; with a reputation built on firm and solid character and ability ; a man who was praised for his judgment by some of those great kings of international finance in whose affairs judgment is the supreme attribute of man. But, as it turned out, there was nothing before him but a year's struggle with a destroying disease—a year of losing battle, with death at the end of it. And it was the way in which Murray Guthrie spent that year that was really the fruition and achievement of his life ; that suddenly turned a seemingly commonplace career all golden at the end, like one of those grey-coloured days in which the sun at its setting suddenly shines out through rain clouds and goes down in triumph. Destiny had laid her hand, not only on this man's life, but on his temporal affairs, and the problem of his last year was to fight death with one hand, and keep it at bay long enough to permit him with the other hand to secure the lives of those he was to leave behind.

There was nothing commonplace about this last year. The scene was changed from that London element in which he had moved so smoothly and so surely to one place of cure after another, and finally to his home in the island of Mull, where the last stand was made and the final triumph achieved. It was a strange destiny for Murray Guthrie that he who had been girded for the battle of public affairs should be thrust at the last into the arena of purely spiritual conflict ; and that from the hot and noisy battlefield of London public life he should be sent to fight the greatest of all foes on the lonely shores of Loch Linnhe. Truly, a man never knows to what service he may be called, or in what field he may win his spurs. From the moment that he knew he was dying he seemed to put on a new spiritual armour ; the anxieties and fatigues of the battle of life seemed to leave him, and he became bright and cheerful. He knew that the night was coming, in which he could do no more work ; and therefore he worked hard to do what he had to do before he went ; but he worked with a light heart. His physical sufferings were very great ; the beauty and strength of his physical manhood were taken from him ; he became almost stone blind, and the burden of absolute weakness grew daily heavier. Yet the spirit grew daily brighter, saner, and more triumphant ; something seemed to blossom in him which but for this dreadful trial might never have come to flower at all, something which evoked every day more and more love, and more and more awed and wondering affection from everyone about him. When all the affairs which he had to settle for others were settled and their home secured he turned to the settlement of that last affair which any man can have, the securing of his own small and abiding home. He chose the place for his grave, a little promontory in his own grounds overlooking the Sound of Mull, with the brown hills of Morvan on one side and the sea on the other, facing the long waters of the loch, with the great masses of Ben Nevis and Ben Cruachan in the distance in front. He had himself carried down, and with his own hand marked out that oblong in the face of the solid rock where he was to rest ; he gave directions for the blasting of it, and even told them where they were to send for the dynamite. And having thus completed with high courage and high efficiency the duties he had to do in this world, he died.

Life is different from art in this respect : that in life it matters little what a man does, and matters much how he does it. It happened in Murray Guthrie's case that the greatest task set him in life was the task of dying ; and this he did with such an extraordinary nobility and courage, and in a spirit so entirely fine and beautiful, that it became an absolute triumph and success in the highest sense of the word. I said that he was fighting a losing battle ; yet one cannot regard that as loss or failure in which qualities such as I have named are evoked. Between the ordinary destiny that might have been expected for Murray Guthrie a few years ago and that with which he was ultimately confronted there is an infinite gap. In politics or in finance, successful as he might have been, he would never have been a great man. But he became great in his mortal weak-

ness ; and thus one may say of him that though he would never have lived as a great man, he died as a great man—and great because the thing in which he succeeded is the greatest thing in which a man can either fail or succeed.

" That low man seeks a little thing to do,  
Sees it and does it :  
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,  
Dies ere he knows it."

#### SHELL OF GOLD.

By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

**M**ONREALE may be the most wonderful cathedral in Italy, the most wonderful in the world, but a few minutes within it on a full spring day is enough at a time. One gives ten minutes to it the first visit and returns a day or two later with a feeling of shame and a resolve to do the building more thoroughly, after the way of those who live by information and set forth to catalogue Sicily ; yet one comes out in less than ten minutes the second time. There is very good reason for not staying longer in Monreale. The cold there is unlike any we ever feel in an English building in the depth of winter, even in crypt or cellar. It strikes clean into and through every part of us. All Italian and Sicilian churches, museums, art galleries seem somewhere below zero ; the superb national museum at Naples is cold, its sculpture halls especially. But Monreale Cathedral struck me as deadliest cold of all. It is a cold that scares you out into the sun, with the idea that you have caught something that may be fatal. Sicilians intensely dread it. The men wrap themselves in shawls ere venturing from the open air into these icy caverns ; the poorest, most ragged peasant in Monreale, a town of incredible poorness and rags, will find some sort of miserable shawl or wrapping to shield himself from the awful rigour of that cathedral climate ; and even with this shield he will not often stay there long. But perhaps if Monreale Cathedral were warmed by hot-water pipes, one would not be tempted to stay in it much longer ; for the truth is the wonders of Monreale are altogether too huge and too petty to be grasped. In these pictures of the life of Christ which are painted in tiny bits of glass mosaic, and cover I imagine a matter of acres, is study for years : their immensity, their minuteness, is so appalling that we cannot hope to know more of them in an hour or two hours than we can know in five or ten minutes. It is as if the bowl of the sky, stared at from some high spot on these Sicilian hills, from zenith to horizon were set in minute mosaic telling the story of the world from its birth—what could a man know of that glory in two or three visits of a few hours apiece ? The better way to get a notion of what the Monreale mosaics are is probably to stay at Palermo and go daily to Cappella Palatina, where something of the same kind, wrought by slaves or saints, is seen in miniature that one can focus.

After ten minutes of Monreale Cathedral one goes out into air and sun, and leaning over the wall on the south side looks down on Conco d'Oro. If Monreale is the most wonderful cathedral of the world, this must be the most wonderful setting.

They imagined finely too who planned the new cathedral of Carthage, and there the colours of the Mediterranean may be more strange and varied at times, though not richer and deeper, than we see them from Monreale : but Carthage is on a mere knoll. They set Monreale on a mountain which commands a prospect such as Satan tempted Christ with. Even in a land where almost any noble sweep of olive and orange country with the pageant of the Mediterranean seems incomparable. Monreale is incomparable ; for far away the great city of Palermo glitters, Paradise and Inferno seen almost from end to end, and under and all about is the shell of gold. The whole plain, curving in and out among the peculiar grey—not blue in spring, but absolute grey—mountains of Sicily, is

made of gold, red of orange and yellow of lemon ; and the impression which this panorama makes on one is that of boundless wealth and freedom from all the anxieties about daily bread and about taking thought for the morrow which depress people in the North. Monreale to-day, turning one's back on the city and looking on Conco d'Oro, might be the fulfilment of Jefferies' dream : " There are no bounds to it . . . so great is this generosity. No physical reason exists why every human being should not have sufficient at least of necessities. For any human being to starve, or even to be in trouble about the procuring of simple food, appears indeed a strange and unaccountable thing quite upside down, and contrary to sense if you do but consider a moment the enormous profusion the earth throws at our feet. . . . Let the generations to come feast free of care, like my finches on the seeds of the mowing grass from which no voice drives them. If I could away as freely as the earth does ! " But one must turn one's back with much resolve on Monreale town to believe in the generations feasting free of care. The shell of gold is very thin. The people who worship in the cathedral, and live by and work in these fields of glory, are surely poorer and dirtier than any on the earth, at any rate on the earth outside Sicily. Packed close together on that hillside in the town that gleams so finely as seen from Palermo Bay are some twenty or twenty-five thousand people. Born in mud they live in mud, and dying in mud they turn to mud. If anyone think this a slight exaggeration let him set forth to explore Monreale after shivering and clattering his teeth ten minutes or half an hour in the great cathedral.

There are other sights in stone at Monreale besides the cathedral, it is said, but the human sight is too much for me. Slum life in moderation may give some colour and the interest of variety to a town ; but in Monreale there is no moderation, only slum. Watching the heroic efforts which the people make to clear away the mud at their doors and within their doors and at the same time to put it all back again, one recognises the immense fascination that is in mud ; and watching often, one might grow quite accustomed to it, and even be happy and good-natured about it as the bulk of the people seem to be. There is another town not far from these fields of gold ; I forget its name, but it is sometimes called the Richmond of Palermo, and there the mud is quite as mighty as at Monreale, flowing along the main street. Smiling and gay in the sun—and the sun is sun in Sicily—the people of Richmond for hours together in the morning and afternoon keep fighting and playing with, and loving and hating the rubbish and dirt which ever accumulates. Driving past, one may be an optimist with them, but when the sun is hid and the Mediterranean turns grey the optimism turns grey. In the two days I was at Monreale the sun would not shine on the mud in the streets and on the mud splashed on the walls and doors. Then the happy-go-lucky struggle with its squalor is terrible to see. It shakes my individualism ; it would shake my socialism if I turned a socialist.

There are two schools of thought with simple plans for disposing of the whole matter. One school is sure that all the fault is the fault of the Church—clear that away and the mud and misery will follow. There are many teachers or pupil teachers in this cold school, English, German, American among others. The second school is more bent on clearing away the people who do not live either in mud or misery—the school where they preach the hot gospel of the have-nots against the haves. Then the finches will feast free of care, they feel sure. But will they feast free of mud ? A flaw in this theory of how to make the Monreale back streets and the Monreale front streets trim and prim is that it leaves out of reckoning immemorial habit and a man's nature ; and it is very hard to see any life in this glorious Sicily without feeling strongly that habit and a man's nature do count tremendously.

There is a third school, which preaches both the cold and the hot and makes of them one doctrine. This school is native and has a mouthpiece of its own. A Scotch lady in Naples who favoured the cold gospel told

me this was great fun—" the useful, patient Ass, that is bastinadoed ! " L'asino tickled her northern fancy as it tickles the southern. But it is a rather grim kind of jest, looked into.

Watching on Good Friday in Palermo the familiar and mystic scene of the Host being carried through the streets, I noted a man hatless and in his shirt sleeves come rushing down a side street where these doctrines are strong wine. He was like a figure in " Barnaby Rudge ", or still more perhaps like one in Carlyle's " French Revolution " ; immense in flesh with a voice to match, uncouth, full of scorn, and clearly telling all his side-street neighbours with boisterous angry laughter they were patient, bastinadoed asses to pay heed to such a scene. All over he looked the stuff out of which Septemberers have been made. Had my Scotch friend seen him it might have spoilt her pleasure in the jest.

#### " TIME'S REVENGES."

**P**ERHAPS the most innocent vanity whereby man seeks to keep himself remembered is that which leads him to attach his name to the flower or fruit which he has brought into being, for thereby he has indeed been a creator, and of just the pleasure and delight in which he most keenly shared. It seems a frail tenure to hang your name to a flower, but though the daffodils haste away so soon and it is more than half a century since Horsfield was laid in a humble grave, yet the name of that obscure Lancashire weaver is still fresh on the lips of every lover of a spring garden. Too often the raiser could not know which of his children would be eminent, and failed to give his own name to the one that has endured. Marechal Niel came out in 1864, but who remembers the raiser ? There are carnations and auriculas nearly a century old, but again associated with the names of others, and though we know where and when the Ribston Pippin originated the prime begetter has been forgotten. Let us keep the old names while we can, for alas the florists are a dying race : their concentration upon qualities of texture and shape and exact conformity with certain canons which may seem artificial but at bottom represent the highest form latent in the flower have given place to a more commercial desire for size and effectiveness. The appeal is no longer to the select few but to the public at large ; it pays better to sell five thousand at a shilling each than one at five pounds. With the old fanciers their collections perish. We ourselves have once seen the end which overtakes these men's desires, hobbies which were pursued the more passionately the more limited the circle to which they made their appeal. Away on the borders of Provence, some miles back from the Rhone, lies the Château of Grignan, the home of the daughter whom Mme. de Sévigné made famous, the last habitation and final resting place indeed of the writer herself, and a paragraph in Joanne suddenly clenched our fancy to pay the place a visit. " Au milieu de ces ruines on remarque un magnifique parterre de tulipes, dont la collection, une des plus belles qui soient en France, se compose de plus de 900 variétés de Hollande, d'Angleterre et de Turquie." It was a long drive from Montélimar, over heathy uplands and dwarf forest, one brilliant strip of green cultivation along the stream side below us, interrupted at intervals by farms wrapt in apple-blossom, but in the brilliant sunshine and that white level light which pervades Provence we were easily content to trudge beside the horses labouring uphill, and watch the lizards scurry away as we approached. Two or three flowering shrubs kept the wayside gay, there were unaccustomed orchids lurking in the grass margin, and now and then a gust of scent to tell where the violets were hidden, moreover we had our faces always set towards the distant Alps, the white snows of which seemed poised immeasurably high in the sky, for their bases were veiled in the blue morning mist. At last we emerged into the wide plain in the middle of which the Château of Grignan lies perched on an isolated rock with the little village clustering round its base, a green smiling plain cut into squares by the

sombre lines of cypress but brilliant with peach blossom, and patches of vivid lucerne and still more vivid colza, backed by the shapely cone of Mount Ventoux, still carrying a mantle of snow far down its slopes.

The château is approached by a steep road leading to a magnificent mediæval gateway, adjoining which is the part of the building still remaining habitable, and the portal gives immediate access to a court surrounded by ruins of Renaissance and later dates, the ruins among which was the garden we were in search of. "The tulips" were the first demand we addressed to the old woman who acted as concierge. "The tulips! Alas, Monsieur le Comte has been dead these four years, the family live here no longer, they are of Paris and there has been no one to care for the tulips." She led the way to a little raised space in one of the courts, and there lay two rectangular beds of the breadth we know so well, to take the seven bulbs which long tradition has decreed to be the appropriate number for the tulip fancier. A light iron railing ran round and along the centre of each bed, over which we were told the Comte used to have a white cloth stretched when the tulips were ready to bloom, and by its side would he sit for hours in the sunshine just looking at his flowers.

That, however, needed no telling : the true fancier's attitude is just to sit and sit and absorb the essence of his flowers. At times he will lift a drooping head or smooth an awkwardly lying petal, but in the main he is filling his mind with pictures until he knows the habits and faces of his possessions, their tricks of shape and their intimate colouring, far more accurately than he knows the countenances of his own children. Some days he sees nothing but the perfections—what a depth of colour has A; does not B lift a perfect cup to the sunlight? At another time the bed seems one gallery of faults and imperfections—what ungainly outer petals has X; surely it is time to give up growing Y, of which not more than one in twenty is ever fit to be seen. He has an ideal flower at the back of his mind, and how impatient it makes him of the living approximations to it before him. But the Comte sits under his white umbrella no more, the beds were but brown dust baths for the concierge's chickens which ranged at will about the court; only a single tulip had escaped their ravages, and in it we recognised an old friend that originated in Cambridge some seventy years ago in the garden of the then cook to S. John's College. There were other courts and other gardens, as ruined as the walls which Ahdemar or Grignan had built for their lordly pleasure house, only here and there a rare shrub or a choice perennial still struggled through the weeds and stones to tell of the cherished fancies of the last occupier of the Château of Grignan. Mortality lay heavy upon us; the passing of a man's kindly hobbies, his intimate personal passions, speak more poignantly of death and forgetfulness than any tombstones or memorials. Here was something lost beyond recall, and the world was the poorer, were it only for a flower.

With what relief we found ourselves out on the great paved terrace, a terrace hung upon the edge of a cliff above the little town, being indeed in part the roof of the chapel where Mme. de Sévigné lay buried, and to be entered from the street far below. Its pavement was becoming uneven, its formal balustrade had lost here and there a coping or a support, and in its turn it might have spoken feelingly of a world outworn, that last exquisite flowering of the old order before the thunderstorm of the Revolution, were not all thoughts of death or regret swept away by sheer delight in the great prospect before us, and the joyous life in the gulf of sunlit air over which we were poised. The smoke wreaths from the scattered villages, the glittering coils of the little river winding through the plain below, the scents of the spring blossom and the cries of the children that were borne up to us on the hot noon-tide air, only spoke of life, life eternally renewable, always springing up afresh, its desires as unsatisfied, its endless capacities vivid as ever with every generation.

The terrace made good amends for any disappointment the vanished tulips might have left; in the dark days we still fancy ourselves basking there

like a lizard in the last warmth of the year or pacing its ample length in the wintry sunshine, but our day's pilgrimage had still one more delight in waiting for us. Our tired horses stretched out the return interminably, but as we were easing them up one of the long hillsides and marching into the dying sunset, dusky streaks of amber and crimson over the far mountains of the Vivarais, suddenly the open moor was carpeted with iris blooms. They were the true *fleurs de lis*, dwarf spearheads of every shade of purple and blue to white and back again in deepening shades of yellow to brown, another of those rare gifts unexpected and unforgettable Nature has in store for the wanderer. The iris were a free and unlooked-for gift; as for the lost tulips, we have made what amends we could, and in a northern garden one resplendent seedling now carries the old Comte's name. Many an old fancier has wished for no more enduring memorial; may it long triumph on the show bench and be affectionately named by unfamiliar lips.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### SIR ELDON GORST'S REPORT AND THE COPTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

16 May 1911.

SIR,—I should be very much obliged if you would do me the favour of publishing a letter in reply to some of the inaccuracies contained in Sir Eldon Gorst's recently published report. On many subjects Sir Eldon has evidently been grievously misinformed. He was misinformed when he was brought to believe that the recent Coptic Congress at Assiout was unrepresentative. There was not an influential Copt in the country who did not sympathise with the movement. Even the Patriarch himself, asked by the Government to prevent it taking place, replied with a circular to the effect that he considered Cairo to be a more fitting place in which to hold it than Assiout. If he disapproved of it, why did he not say so? Because he knew it was being held for the good of the cause and that were he to disapprove he would be going against the wish of every Copt in Egypt.

Sir Eldon Gorst asks us to trust the English. We are still prepared to do this, and even Sir Eldon cannot doubt our loyalty, but public opinion behind the workings of the Egyptian Government in its dealings with the Copts? Is England aware of the little comedy of punishment which has recently been meted out to us in Cairo because we held an orderly Congress at Assiout? In the Coptic quarter of Cairo many of the streets were named after prominent Copts, but we have fallen under the displeasure of the Government, and it has, in its wrath, removed all these names (during the holding of the Mohamedan Assembly recently) and has replaced them with others which carry no meaning in the district. Please understand, however, that I do not mention this as a grievance; I merely mention it to show the trend of Government feeling in regard to us.

Sir Eldon Gorst is pessimistic in the extreme regarding the working of the Coptic demand, should it be granted, that the Copts should be taught their religion in schools or kuttabs at the same time that Moslem children are being instructed in the Koran. In Kaliubieh, however, this is already being practised, and with remarkably good results. If, therefore, it is possible in one province, why should it not be so in others? And also it should not be forgotten that this principle is practised in Coptic schools, where the Koran is taught if desired. As superintendent of a Coptic school in which quite half the scholars were Mohamedans, I have seen the method tried. At the end of the day Copts and Moslems were separated and the Priest and the Sheikh taught their respective scholars under the same roof. Far from breeding discord among the boys, it was found to be productive of quite the opposite effect; each took an interest in the other's religion, and there was no suspicion of feeling between them whatever.

This is not an isolated experience. I have practised it on many occasions, and always with equally good results. And though Sir Eldon has dealt very freely with the work of the Mohamedans in educational and other matters in Egypt, he has had no word to say regarding the good which is being accomplished by the Copts in the same direction. On page 38 we find the following paragraph : "Buildings for schools and kuttab, open to Coptic children, to the value of £7000 have been presented to the Council by Moslem benefactors, whereas no Copt has as yet come forward with any gift of this nature." If his Excellency thought it necessary to point to the generosity of the Moslems in this respect, why did he think it necessary to conceal the fact that ALL Coptic schools are open to Moslem children, and that the Koran is taught in these schools by desire? Sir Eldon Gorst himself during his recent tour in Upper Egypt was present in a Coptic school while the Koran was being preached to Moslem children.

In regard to our demand for recognition of capacity as the sole test for admission to Government appointments, Sir Eldon Gorst professes to agree that no other criterion than merit should exist. In face of this I should like to ask why a recent examination for nine posts in the sanitary department was cancelled as soon as it was found that nine Copts were at the head of the list?

In regard to Sir Eldon's statement that the Copts have proved a failure in the Coast Guard administration, it seems to me that he is looking for an excuse for a recent action of the Government, when Coptic and Moslem candidates applied for positions in this service. Copts were asked to stand on one side, Moslems on the other. The Coptic line was then rejected wholesale without any explanation at all. The reason given for the dismissal of Copts from the executive of the Coast Guard administration is that the Moslems will not obey them because they are Christians. But even in the darkest days of Coptic history they occupied these posts with honour, and, with the support of the Government, found no difficulty in making the Moslems obey them. The French thought so highly of their capabilities that they selected Coptic officers who attained the rank of colonel, and it was only after the British occupation that we were told we are only fit to be clerks and accountants.

Sir Eldon makes an assertion that he knows of no Copt who is fitted to become a Mudir. This is rather a sweeping assertion to make concerning a community which numbers among its ranks many of the richest and most prosperous men in Egypt, according to his Excellency's own showing. At the present moment there are Copts occupying the position of President of the Parquet; this is an administrative position which carries with it control over the District Governors, and if they are capable of filling these posts with credit, how can Sir Eldon say that they are incapable of taking posts of administrative responsibility?

Sir Eldon Gorst considers the difficulties which attend the question of Coptic representation on the Provincial Councils to be well-nigh insuperable, as the Copts are admittedly in such a small minority. In this regard it is suggested that the Belgian method at present in operation, which is formed so that the interests of the minority are secured, should be introduced into Egypt.

Yours faithfully,  
KYRIAKOS MIKHAIL.

#### WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

31 Coram Street W.C., 16 May 1911.

SIR,—In a paragraph in your issue of 13 May you point out that Mr. Henderson and the Adult Suffragists have not been behaving very chivalrously towards the Conciliation Bill, both at the second reading and also by introducing an Adult Suffrage Bill. All through this militant agitation we have had good reason to suspect the bona fides of the Adult Suffragists, except those tried and true friends like Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Philip Snowden, who, whilst being ardent Adultists, yet recog-

nise that the question of the removal of the sex disability is quite another matter. The one is a question of a class; the other is a case of human rights. That other Adultists do not understand this is now proved. They also now confirm us in our belief that if an Adult Suffrage Bill were introduced before the removal of the sex disability it would mean practically "More Votes for Men" and "No Votes for Women". That the rabid Adult Suffragists would not hesitate to throw the cause of Woman Suffrage overboard is clearly evident from the way the deputation from trades unions, headed by Mr. Clynes, and received by Mr. Asquith at the beginning of this Session, behaved. They made a demand for adult suffrage; that they did not expressly indicate that this was meant to include women is clear from the way in which Mr. Asquith, evidently relieved, thanked them for not introducing the "thorny question of sex" and then promised to do what he could for adult suffrage.

May I deal with your own views that to pass this Conciliation Bill means universal suffrage, by making some allusions to the debate on 5 May? Mr. Henderson, whose aim and object is undoubtedly adult suffrage, made a speech to show that the Bill as it stood would postpone adult suffrage. On the other hand Sir Maurice Levy and Mr. Burdett Coutts declared that the Bill was the thin end of the wedge, which would inevitably lead to universal suffrage. Just as before, on the occasion of the second reading of the former Conciliation Bill, the arguments used are mutually destructive and are therefore equally valid.

Finally, may I also point out that this same argument might have been urged against the extension of the Municipal Franchise to women as well as men in 1869; but it has not led to Adult Suffrage in that Franchise. There is no reason for supposing that anything different is to happen now. The nation is very conservative by nature, and always proceeds by slow and gradual changes, an indication of strength and normal conditions. Slow and sure wins the race!

Yours etc.,  
EMILY WILDING DAVISON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

50 S. George's Road, Glasgow, 15 May 1911.

SIR,—From your note last week on the suffrage question one might infer that leisure and knowledge (howsoever tested) should be primal qualifications for voting. As this idea is only touched upon casually, I presume that it is needless to discuss its exact bearing on the status of the existing electorate. But suppose that it were once formally defined and enacted as a basis for selecting suitable voters from among the King's subjects. Some women would in that case obviously enter into the privileges of the elect by passing the same educational and social tests that had been laid down, and the sex disability would automatically disappear.

I fail to see, moreover, how the extension of the suffrage to women can double the possible harm to the country without at the same time doubling the possible good. The fact is that the pseudo-arguments against the extension of the franchise to duly qualified women have failed all along the line, and their underpinning of prejudice and temperamental disposition is now giving way. Politicians have hitherto attempted to ignore the vital question or to juggle with it. But women did not enter upon their campaign merely for the amusement of fingering a ballot-paper, as performed by the 41,710 illiterate male voters in January of last year. They have been fighting for the fundamental rights of citizenship, not so much against the existing electors as against the boycott of "professional" Front Bench politicians who have too long played the game of battledore and shuttlecock with women's grievances, while pocketing their money as Ministers of the Crown in alternate Governments.

Yours, &c.,  
CHARLES B. MABON.

## VENERABLE BEDE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Bailey, Durham, 15 May 1911.

SIR,—In reading with great interest your review on "Memorials of Old Durham", I noted three somewhat serious mistakes, whether those of your reviewer or of the writer of the different portions of the "Memorials" I do not know. The review states that S. John of Beverley and S. Cuthbert were born about the year 670. As however S. Cuthbert was consecrated in 685, dying in 687, and S. John consecrated in 688, dying in 721, it follows that they must have been very young Bishops. It is not known exactly when S. Cuthbert was born; but it is thought he was about sixty years of age when he died on the Great Farne, 20 March 687. The article also says that the body of our great patron has rested in Durham since the year 1104. As a matter of fact it was removed from Chester-le-Street in the year 995, and translated into Aldhune's Cathedral in the year 999, where it rested until the surrender of the monastery in 1540; whether it is still in our cathedral is another matter altogether. Also the article goes on to state that the word "Venerable" as applied to S. Bede only dates from the year 1830. The title "Venerable" Bede is in constant and ancient use in our North Country, it was on his tomb in the Galilee in Durham Cathedral certainly in the year 1370, and according to the "Rites of Durham" on the tomb built for him by Bishop Hugh 1153-1195 in these words "Continet hæc theca Bedæ venerabilis ossa", followed by nine other hexameter lines.

The very stones to whom he preached in his blind old age answered him, "Amen, Pater venerabilis" and there is also the legend of the angel writing in the word "venerabilis" whilst the carver of the inscription slept.

Yours truly, C. D. NEWBURY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Belmont, Shrewsbury, 14 May 1911.

SIR,—Surely there is a mistake somewhere. Your reviewer on page 585, reviewing Leighton's "Memorials of Old Durham", says that the title of "Venerable" was only given to Bede in 1830 in order to make a perfect hexameter of an inscription on his tomb. What does he mean? I have a manuscript fourteenth century Book of Hours on my desk, where one of the prayers is "Oracio venerabilis Bedæ Presbyteri". In the "Rites of Durham", Surtees Society, 1842 edition, p. 63, we have ". . . we laid the bones of Venerable Bede" etc. In the Roman Breviary for many centuries his sermons have been used under the heading of either "sermo" or "homilia" Venerabilis Bedæ Presbyteri.

The traditional reason given for his title "Venerable" is that his sermons and homilies were read in the Western Church during his lifetime, and as neither the title of "saint" nor "blessed" could then be given to him, the title of Venerable was prefixed to his name.

Yours etc.,

AMBROSE MORIARTY.

## THE IRISH PLAYERS AT STRATFORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 King's Bench Walk, Temple, 17 May 1911.

SIR,—May I make a few remarks on the paragraph in your issue of 6 May regarding the reception of the Irish plays at Stratford-on-Avon during the recent Commemoration Season? The writer of the paragraph does not appear to have been present, and his observations are presumably based on some newspaper report. Of the half-dozen or so Pressmen who saw the show I believe that I alone made use of the word "porthouse", which makes it at least possible that my account is that on which your contributor's indictment is framed. Whether this be so or not, I can only say that his assumptions are erroneous. The gentleman who used the word "porthouse" is not a Stratfordian, nor did many share his view. The reception was much more favourable than was that at Dublin: in fact it was just

the reception the play would get at any other English provincial town. The other Irish plays, except "Deirdre", which suffered from the absence through sudden illness of Miss Sara Allgood, were well received. Meanwhile I have received from one of the leading Irish dramatists a letter bearing on the subject. He says: "The truth is the author is blamed for making them" (Irish peasants) "speak as they do not speak. As one born, brought up, and for thirty years mixing with the Irish peasantry as one of themselves, I assert that no such irreverence or sensuality as that put into the mouths of the characters in this play has ever been heard by me. The author himself has explained that he picked it up from beggars in and around Dublin." I quote this letter merely to show that even in, so to speak, the Irish camp there are two opinions. Why then should Stratford more than any other place be put on half-rations?

Yours etc.,  
G. E. MORRISON.

## SOUTHWARK AND LAMBETH EXHIBITION OF LOAN PICTURES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 Kingdon Road, West Hampstead N.W.

SIR,—The Southwark and Lambeth Free Loan Picture Exhibition, which, on smaller lines, endeavours to do for the working classes of South London what the Whitechapel Exhibition does for those of the East End, will hold its twenty-first annual show at the Borough Polytechnic S.E., from 1 to 18 June. Pictures of great value and interest have been promised: examples of the Barbizon School, Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Courbet; of other modern Continental masters, Arzt, Ch. Jacques, Monticelli and Tito; of English painters, R. W. Allen, David Farquharson A.R.A., Stanhope Forbes R.A., Muhrmann, Bertram Priestman, Alfred Stevens, etc., from the collection of the late Mr. J. Staats Forbes. From Mr. Harris' collection come works by J. H. F. Bacon A.R.A., John Brett A.R.A., George Clausen R.A., and W. L. Wyllie R.A., and from the New Reform Club the portrait of Mr. Gladstone, by F. Goodall R.A., lent by Mr. Debenham. While the Exhibition remains open, free concerts will be given on three evenings a week, and sacred music on Sunday nights after Church hours.

Yours faithfully,  
K. M. EADY.

## A MORTGAGED INHERITANCE.

THERE is a land whose streams did wind

More winningly than these,

Where finer shadows played behind

The clean-stemmed beechen trees.

The maidens there were deeper eyed,

The lads more swift and fair,

And angels walked at each one's side—

Would God that I were there!

Here daffodils are dressed in gold

But there they wore the sun,

And here the blooms are bought and sold

But there God gave each one.

There all roads led to fairyland

That here do lead to care,

And stars were lamps on Heaven's strand—

Would God that I were there!

Here worship crawls upon her course

But there with larks would cope,

And here her voice with doubt is hoarse

But there was sweet with hope.

O Land of Peace! my spirit dies

For thy once tasted air,

O earliest Loss! O latest Prize!—

Would God that I were there!

ANNA BUNSTON.

## REVIEWS.

## A POET AND TWO NONDESCRIPTS.

"*The Collected Poems of Maurice Baring.*" London : Lane. 1911. 5s. net.

"*The Agonists.*" By Maurice Hewlett. London : Macmillan. 1911. 4s. 6d. net.

"*Songs of the Road.*" By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. London : Smith, Elder. 1911. 5s. net.

**I**T is not easy to quote from Mr. Baring. His most shining merit is an even level of accomplishment. It would be difficult from any one of his collected poems to pick out a particular line or verse as that which gave distinction to the whole. Yet the total effect is often an effect of rare distinction. Mr. Baring's inspiration is tempered with the scholar's sense of the precise value and meaning of the words he uses. Even when he falls into a strain or metaphor that is of the common stock he seems to be more conscious of its value than the rhymester whose verses are built of unconsidered echoes :

" You were the Queen of evening, and the skies  
Were soft above you, knowing you were fair,  
The dewy gold of sunset in your hair,  
And twilight in the stillness of your eyes.

" You did not know your dear divinity,  
And childlike, all unconscious that you walked  
High in celestial air, you smiled and talked,  
And stooped to pluck a rose, and gave it me."

In these days of unpremeditated song which is not poetry a poet who, literally, weighs his words is at once distinguished. Mr. Baring, too, is a man of humour—witness "*Dead Letters*" and "*Diminutive Dramas*"; and his humour helps his sense of the nice value of words to give his poetry strict sanity and poise. One reads him without fear of some horrible dip into bathos. The longest poem in the collection is the tragedy of "*Tristram and Iseult*". In this poem, so far from the contrast between the passionate theme and the severe restraint of Mr. Baring's treatment being at all incongruous, it is an added zest. The old story stripped of sensuous trappings stands out in clear cold outline. It moves abruptly to a hard, brief end. Iseult's speech on the body of Tristram is but four lines long; and the asceticism of word and tone is as characteristic of Mr. Baring as anything he has written.

"God receive my soul.  
Tristram, out of the cup you gave to me  
I drank my death, but with the death was love,  
The love that lives for ever. O my friend."

"*The Agonists*" of Mr. Maurice Hewlett is prefaced with a challenge. We are invited to accept this trilogy of Minos and his race as a primitive tale in the great manner, into which the author has also packed a philosophy. Mr. Hewlett seems to aim at putting his critics upon a dilemma. Either these plays of mine are great, or they are not—you may choose for yourself which it is going to be. We refuse to accept the dilemma. It is Hugo von Hofmannsthal over again. Like Hofmannsthal Mr. Hewlett has taken a primitive Greek story, and has recounted it in an irregular metrical form. In both cases the result is the projection of a very modern mind into a very ancient mould. There is, however, the difference that Hofmannsthal is something of a poet, whereas Mr. Hewlett is merely an artificer of splendid words. With the freedom of Mr. Hewlett's metres no one could legitimately quarrel. We agree entirely that the sole test of rhythm is the ear, and it is not because Mr. Hewlett's verses are of unequal length, or because of sudden unanswered rhymes, that his language fails of poetry; but because the total impression given by almost any speech in these plays is of well-written decorative prose sentences arbitrarily divided into line-lengths with the order of their words arbitrarily arranged to fit in with an arbi-

trary rhythmical scheme. As to the treatment of the story and content of these barbarous old tales, they are primitive only on the surface. The sin of Pasiphaë is talked of by a chorus outwardly Greek; but their view of her offence is entirely modern.

A sudden drop brings us to the songs of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Some of them are imperial in sentiment. One tells how an English soldier married a lady of the Boers, and how their children were neither the one nor the other. As Sir Arthur himself says :

" It may seem a crude example  
In an isolated case,  
But the story is a sample  
Of the welding of the race."

This speaks for itself. Later Sir Arthur is philosophical, and riddles darkly of the Sphinx :

" If it is love that gave us  
A thousand blossoms bright,  
Why should that love not save us  
From poisoned aconite?"

As the shepherd has observed, the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Occasionally Sir Arthur is purely lyric in tone, as when he comes back to work after a holiday :

" The dream is o'er. No more we view  
The shores of Christian or of Turk,  
But turning to our tasks anew,  
We bend us to our wonted work."

And the fewer words about it, the better !

## A LIBERAL IMPERIALIST ON THE EXPANSION OF ENGLAND.

"*England under the Hanoverians.*" By C. Grant Robertson. London : Methuen. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

**H**AS not this series attempted too much? In the desire to cover the whole ground the authors crowd their pages with facts and names, with which they have not always the space to deal adequately. This is very observable in the present volume. We are hurried over the ground at a breakneck pace, when often we could have wished to move more leisurely and more thoroughly. We are inclined to think that, if our author had been allowed to omit all but the most important facts and characters and to dwell at greater length on these, the results would have been more satisfactory. This, however, is not the fault of Mr. Robertson, and certainly, given those conditions, he has succeeded in covering a very wide field in a masterly manner and in language admirable for its terseness.

" A single formula—the expansion of Great Britain ", says Mr. Robertson in his admirable introduction, " sums up the main results of the period "; and " in this expansion three features stand out in deep cut relief, the growth and consolidation of the Empire, the organisation of the parliamentary state, the industrial Revolution ". To realise what the eighteenth century meant to England we have only to compare her condition at the accession of George I. with that held by her at the close of the great war. In 1713 " Great Britain had survived the collision with the monarchy of Louis XIV." and " had made herself the paramount Sea Power ", " in 1814 she emerges victorious from the fight for existence with Napoleon " as " the paramount Colonial Power ". In Colonial possessions we had indeed lost the United States of North America, but we had gained Canada and the great majority of the West Indian islands, as well as Malta, Senegal, the Cape, and Mauritius. In India we held Ceylon, we had driven the French from Hindostan and the Deccan with the exception of her small commercial settlements at Chandernagore and Pondicherry; we had added largely to our dominions and had become the supreme Power over the whole of the Indian Peninsula.

At home, though Ireland had not been pacified by the Act of Union of 1801, Scotland, which at the accession

of George I. was still sore at the loss of her parliamentary independence, had by the close of the period learnt the enormous advantages she had gained by closer connexion with the southern country. Although the legal relations between the Crown and Parliament had been finally defined by the Bill of Rights and the Act of Settlement, and England had in 1714 "definitely committed herself to a constitutional monarchy, to parliamentary institutions and to representative government", the conventions, and more especially that of the Cabinet, which alone have made that settlement workable, were evolved during the eighteenth century. It is true that Parliament was not representative of the whole people (it is not now), not even of the middle classes, while local government was still in the hands of a landed aristocracy. Yet a great constitutional experiment had been worked out, the monarchical principle had been squared with parliamentary supremacy, as it had been nowhere else, and personal liberty, although not yet secure, was enjoyed in a fuller measure than in any other country. Meanwhile the population of England and Wales alone had more than doubled; our exports had been multiplied more than nine times, and imports more than six. At the opening of the nineteenth century England "was the only industrial state in the modern sense of the word and her position rests on three qualities—the synthetised features of her industrial supremacy, the volume, character and range of her economic development, and her maritime supremacy".

Mr. Robertson rightly holds that the evolution of these three aspects of national life—the growth of the Empire, the organisation of the parliamentary state, the industrial revolution should not be treated as isolated phenomena. "Common formative causes combine to operate in producing effects that are revealed concurrently in the political, constitutional, and economic spheres." The co-operation of these three forces is worked out in a masterly way, and Mr. Robertson is right when he claims that the remarkable results achieved were due not only "to a handful of admirals, generals and statesmen", but to the whole people of England who, whether they were actually represented or not, proved, by their willing co-operation and by their very sufferings, their firm belief in their Government, which, with all its shortcomings, was far better than that of any country in Europe. "The great empire-builder has been the British people." "Mercy, truth, and justice alike demand that the verdict on their work should be based, not upon the sum of what was accomplished, but upon the final value to the world of the ideals of national life that failure and success in the efforts of a century alike reveal." These are generous sentiments, and our author has attempted to hold the balance fairly. Yet the book is the creation of a man of strong convictions, and those the convictions of a strong Liberal, if not a Radical. This does not blind him to the faults of the old Whigs from whom the modern Liberal is far removed, but with the accession of George III. the bias becomes more evident. If we except William Pitt, with whom he shows a sympathy we should hardly have expected, and Canning, whom the Liberals have always, though not entirely justly, praised at the expense of Castlereagh, there is no Tory who appeals to him, while for George III. he has no good word to say beyond the statement that his private life was without reproach. More especially is he unjust to the King when he declares that he was more than any other man responsible for the loss of the American Colonies, whereas it is abundantly clear that public opinion heartily supported not only the right of England to tax the Colonies, but the war itself. Mr. Robertson's treatment of the whole question, though able, is far too favourable to the Americans, nor does he seem to be aware that a new school of young Americans has lately arisen who openly acknowledge that the rupture was not solely England's fault. Mr. Robertson's attitude to the question is antiquated.

Of the later Whigs Charles James Fox is his great hero. Although he does not deny the faults of Fox's

private life, he will not allow that the want of principle extended to the statesman's public life. If Fox blundered in tactics over the ill-starred Coalition Ministry of 1783, his aims are held to be creditable, and "it was North that surrendered to Fox, not Fox to North". If he has to allow that Fox's India Bill was most unpopular he must needs suggest, contrary to the opinion of most, that "there is no reason to suppose that the predicted abuses would have followed; there is every reason to suppose that the measure would have been beneficial to the Government and peoples of India". The disloyal conduct of Fox with regard to the war against the French Revolutionists in 1793 is condoned, as well as his persistent belief in Napoleon until he himself came into office in 1806. Finally we are told that "England would have been the poorer morally, the lamp of liberty would have flickered with a dimmer light but for the public career of Fox". At times again we are treated with such precious sayings as that "liberty is order", a phrase of Fox that Mr. Robertson quotes with approval; or again that to freedom of speech and freedom of thought "nothing is common or unclean, nothing is dangerous save what in the open air has been proved to be untrue"!

But if the book cannot be said to present a wholly impartial view, our author's robust belief in Liberal doctrines gives colour and a living interest to his story, and for our part we do not believe that without some personal conviction a good history of the eighteenth century can be written. Mr. Robertson never distorts facts to prove his views, and if his judgments may sometimes be disputed the evidence lies before us. If the reader wishes to see what can be said on the other side, he cannot do better than read the Ford Lectures of Mr. Fortescue on the Statesmen of the Great War which is just about to be published. He will there find a presentation of the main facts and characters, written by a convinced Conservative, which may serve as a corrective to some of Mr. Robertson's disputable judgments and conclusions.

We are pleased to notice that in dealing with the industrial revolution Mr. Robertson holds the view that "commercial spirit and aptitude . . . are a more potent cause of success in commerce than fiscal systems", an opinion which our extreme Free Traders and Protectionists would do well to ponder over; while the closing years of the Napoleonic war are graphically handled. He brings out clearly how England under the leadership of Wellington at last took a leading part in the land war, how by our enormous subsidies, which our notable industrial development alone rendered possible, we did much to keep the last coalition together, and points out with truth that, considering our tremendous efforts, the terms we demanded were extraordinarily moderate. Mr. Robertson is right no doubt in claiming for the whole nation a share in that victorious issue, but we should remember that it was the Tories and not the Whigs who were in power, while Mr. Robertson's doubtful statement "that there is no reason to suppose" (a favourite expression of his) "that, if Great Britain had been governed through manhood suffrage and equal electoral districts, the decision would have been different, the obstinacy less stiff, the courage less proud and heroic", is an amusing proof of the bias which underlies this otherwise excellent and readable account of perhaps the most momentous century in our annals.

#### EGYPTIAN BLACK.

**"The Makers of Black Basaltes."** By Captain M. H. Grant ("Linesman"). London: Blackwood. 1910. 42s. net.

BY dint of hard work aided by a keen power of diagnosis, the author of this massive volume has imparted to the stoneware known as Black Basaltes and Egyptian Black a very considerable measure of interest. It does not attract the attention of most connoisseurs and collectors of English pottery. Writers on ceramics generally content themselves with assigning

a few pages and a few figures to the description and illustration of this ware. But Captain Grant has presented the results of his study in a book of four hundred pages, including ninety-six plates on which are represented some three hundred examples of the sombre productions of about thirty or more English potworks. Moreover, he has rescued from obscurity, if not from oblivion, several makers and makes of black basaltes. Our author could not have gathered the immense mass of information presented in his pages unless he had been endowed with a real enthusiasm for his subject. Fortunately his enthusiasm has been generally under the control of a sound judgment, while a power of nice discrimination has aided him in weighing the merits of the different fabrics, forms, and modes of decoration under discussion.

Before proceeding further with our notice of Captain Grant's book, it may be well to point out and to dismiss a few matters which seem to call for criticism. He sometimes adopts a jaunty tone which hardly accords with the serious discussion of art problems. Such jokes as "art is worsted" and "a teacup in a storm" are scarcely robust enough to appear in conspicuous type in a really important treatise. The chemical analyses given on pp. 29 and 30, as they stand, are not self-explanatory. It was not in 1688 that the brothers John and David Elers appeared suddenly in Staffordshire. In the year 1693 they were still living and working at Fulham previous to their departure for the Potteries. The Elers were recognised, if known at all, not as chemists, but first as silversmiths and then as potters. Again, Sprimont not Spermont was the name of the manager of the Chelsea Porcelain Factory. It is true that the passage quoted from Miss Meteyard by Captain Grant gives the wrong spelling, but the correct name might have been added in a footnote. Such mistakes as we have selected for notice do not actually interfere with the value of the work; for, as our readers will perceive, they do not concern the main story of the book. Perhaps it will be right in this place to note that we are indebted to Captain Grant for the observation that none of the so-called black wares of antiquity is really black in any sense comparable with that in which the basaltes of English potters is black. Most of them are black only on the surface, and the rest are not truly black, but grey.

When we come to consider the productions of individual potters, we are at once introduced to the best known of all, Josiah Wedgwood. His black basaltes, which he sometimes called Etruscan, was generally, if not always, superior in quality, as well as in form, to the productions of his imitators and successors; needless to say, it showed a marked advance upon the wares of his predecessors, such as Twyford and Thomas Astbury. To the basaltes of Wedgwood, during and after his partnership with Bentley, Captain Grant rightly assigns four chapters of his book, dwelling more particularly upon vases, busts, statuettes and other ornamental pieces, and illustrating them by a large number of figures representing important examples in both public and private collections. For this purpose he has drawn largely upon the resources of the Wedgwood Museum at Etruria, his own valuable collection, the Victoria and Albert Museum, the British Museum, and the museums of Hanley and Burslem. These collections, with others in private possession, have likewise furnished numerous illustrations of the black ware made by potters who were contemporaries or immediate followers of Wedgwood. Among the best of these may be reckoned Humphrey Palmer and John Neale of Hanley, John Turner of Lane End, Elijah Mayer of Hanley, and Josiah Spode of Stoke-on-Trent. Our author defends Humphrey Palmer from the accusations of plagiarism brought against him by Josiah Wedgwood, but we cannot help thinking that Wedgwood must have known more of the doings of Palmer than a collector and author of the twentieth century. Captain Grant need not attach importance to the dicta of Dr. Samuel Smiles, nor to those of Miss Meteyard. But Miss Meteyard, even though ignorant of the chemical and technological aspects of the potter's art, was a most

indefatigable collector of information, to whom all subsequent writers on Wedgwood and his wares are greatly indebted.

We have no space left to say aught of the basaltes of Shorthose and Heath, of Lakin and Poole, of Birch, of Enoch Wood, of the Leeds Pottery, and of Herculaneum. But in this book will be found all or almost all that any connoisseur can want to know concerning the minor and later factories which turned out black basaltes. We cannot help wondering whether Captain Grant has ever tried the effect produced upon his black ware of a background such as Wedgwood recommended? Some kind of yellow fabric, of a hue not far removed from primrose, in silk or cloth or even paper, certainly affords a pleasing contrast to this kind of pottery. And we have found that pieces of black basaltes, having a dull, dry look, are greatly improved in appearance by being rubbed with a cloth which has itself been before lightly touched with a lump of very hard paraffin wax. This is a nicer method of imparting a patina to the surface than that afforded by continual fingering or by repeated contact with the housemaid's duster.

#### "LABOUR" IN AMERICA.

**"A Documentary History of American Industrial Society."** Edited by John R. Commons, Ulrich B. Phillips, Eugene A. Gilmore, Helen L. Sumner, and John B. Andrews. Vols. V.-VIII. (with Supplement to Vol. IV.). Cleveland, Ohio: The Arthur H. Clark Co. 1910. \$50 the set of 10 vols.

WE have already (SATURDAY REVIEW, 2 July 1910) indicated the general scope of this work and need now do no more than outline the subject-matter of these later volumes.

All of them are devoted to stating the genesis and tracing the development of the "Labour Movement" in the United States from 1820 up to the beginning of the "War Between the States". Volumes V. and VI. (to the former of which is prefixed an admirable "Introduction" by Professor Commons and Miss Helen Sumner) deal with the "Movement" from 1820 to 1840, while volumes VII. and VIII. present contemporary documents illustrative of later phases of the same subject from 1840 to 1860. As an "Introduction" to these latter volumes, Professor Commons reprints, by permission, his article on "Horace Greeley and the Working-Class Origins of the Republican Party", originally contributed to the "Political Science Quarterly". The field sought to be covered, comprising as it does not only the economic, but the political, conditions of the periods named above, is obviously a very wide one, and, as it is the avowed purpose of the editors, in crucial matters of controversy between employers and employees, to allow the chief spokesmen of either side to state their case fully and in their own words, the array of documents is appalling to even the most determined economic student. The period from 1820 to 1840 Professor Commons entitles the "Awakening Period of the American Labour Movement", and the documents presented fully justify the name.

Chief among the topics exhaustively illustrated by the documents contained in volumes V. and VI. (many of them absolutely unknown to economic writers until unearthed after three generations by the industry of the present editors and their colleagues) may be mentioned the inception of the movement for the reduction of the hours of labour (i.e. "the ten-hour system", instead of the old "from sun to sun"); the organisation of the "Mechanics' Union of Trade Associations" and like central bodies, which, despite their brief existence, inaugurated the modern "labour movement"; the formation of the first "National Trades' Union", which, borrowing its name from England, greatly flourished for three years, and then disappeared in the disastrous "panic of 1837", yet which may be fairly termed the "remote ancestor" of the "American Federation of Labour" of to-day, though not until 1853 did trade unionism take on its modern form and policies; the

extension of "manhood suffrage" and the consequent establishment of the short-lived "Workingmen's Party" in the chief Northern cities, with its platform demanding free education, priority of mechanics' liens over all other claims against the employer, the abolition of imprisonment for debt, exemption from compulsory service in the State Militia, and numberless other claims that the wage-earners held to be of vital importance to what they now openly termed their "class interests".

The documents in volumes VII. and VIII. afford vivid evidence of the steadily growing power of the labour organisations (though the name of "Workingmen's Party" had disappeared) and of the gradual surrender, in great measure, of both the "Whig" and "Democratic" parties to the demands of the "labour vote"; the beginning and progress of the so-called "Humanitarian Movement"—"Owenism", the "Americanised Fourierism", or "Association", as the Socialistic leaders preferred to call it, and the rapid formation throughout the North and West of what were absurdly called "Phalanxes", the members of which enthusiastically and confidently enrolled themselves, as it were, into a big family for the avowed purpose of bringing about a social and economic millennium, and busied themselves with all sorts of burning "problems" from the abolition of slavery and the practical abrogation of the marriage laws to the disbanding of the standing army and navy and the prohibition of Government debt. The most famous of these "Phalanxes" was what was known as the "Brook Farm Experiment", in which a goodly number of New England "Transcendentalists" of respectability and seeming intelligence undertook to solve pretty much all the problems of the universe. All of these, as a matter of course, soon collapsed, and one does not wonder when one reads the crude communistic notions (they called them "ideals") that underlay their chief activities. Needless to say that the South held herself jealously aloof from all this socialistic agitation. These "movements", as the futility of the half-baked nostrums became apparent through the disastrous collapse of theory after theory, gradually shifted over to the "Ten-Hour Law" and the "Land Reform Propaganda", according to which every landless adult in the nation was to have in fee simple 160 acres of land out of the "public domain" in the Far West. From this "Propaganda" resulted the "Free Homestead" and "Homestead Exemption" movements, which laid the basis for the organisation of the "Republican Party" which came into formal existence with the enactment of the "Kansas-Nebraska Bill" in 1854. According to Dr. Commons, Horace Greeley was the "prophet" of this momentous period, and the editor quotes ad nauseam Greeley's editorials in the "Tribune" on social reform and labour agitation, declaring that he "was to the social revolution of the forties what Thomas Jefferson was to the political revolution of 1800". Nay, he goes further and tells us that "Jefferson could frame a bill of rights—he could not construct a constitution". As Jefferson never framed a bill of rights, one is puzzled as to how Dr. Commons knows this, and one who has even a passing knowledge of Jefferson's constitutional achievement, is lost in wonder at the latter part of this astounding statement. There is an adumbration of fear that "much learning" in "labour documents" hath "made" the accomplished economist "mad".

The "Supplement" consists of two very rare "Labour Conspiracy Cases", which on account of limits of space could not be included in volume IV., and is given gratis to subscribers. We repeat that to students of economic and labour problems these volumes constitute a veritable store-house of information as to labour organisation and contemporary politics, but there is far more of it than is essential to emphasise the various phases of the subjects discussed. The volumes are beautifully printed direct from Caslon type, and the edition is limited to 1000 sets. They are singularly free, as a rule, from typographical errors, but we may point out to the editors that owing to carelessness in transcription or in proof-reading the second

sentence of the second paragraph on p. 215 of volume VIII. makes nonsense.

Dr. Commons thus concludes: "And may it not be that the struggle of capital and labour, unlike that of plantation and homestead, shall avoid the irrepressible conflict by accepting this high ideal of the joint trade agreement (viz. between trade union and employers' association) as it emerged from the philosophising of the forties?" It is a grim commentary on this optimistic "rhetorical question" that the "Unions" in America do not hesitate to repudiate their contracts whenever it suits their leaders to order them to do so, that they have no sense of the mutual obligation that obtains among honest men of business, and that while these lines are being penned the hospitals of Hoboken, New Jersey, and of New York City are filled with maimed and fatally wounded policemen and non-union men, the latter of whom the "strikers" of the New York Express Companies (defying the police) have brutally bludgeoned and shot because these free-born American workmen have dared to take up the work that they themselves had refused to do, not because of any complaints as to pay or hours, but in order to force "recognition of the close shop" on these great corporations, whose business, if the companies yielded, would speedily be at the mercy of "Sam" Gompers and his "walking-delegates". To many thoughtful Americans the growing demands of the "Unions" make the gravest menace to the well-being and stability of the Republic.

#### THE REFORMATION AND CHURCH CEREMONIES.

"The Rationale of Ceremonial, 1540-1543. With Notes and Appendices and an Essay on the Regulation of Ceremonial during the Reign of King Henry VIII." By Cyril S. Cobb. London: Longmans. 1911. 10s.

THE Alcuin Club is doing useful work by collecting information and publishing documents which illustrate the Prayer Book and its ceremonial—the manner, that is to say, of conducting the services contained therein. The confusion of past years, and the curious bitterness of antagonisms resulting therefrom, may well pass away now that a sound scientific basis is come into existence. Henceforward it will be at any rate impossible for people to dogmatise on the subject without having read a good number of books, such as the Henrician "Rationale" before us, or the three weighty volumes of Elizabethan Visitation Articles which the Club has also published. Much of the common ignorance about the Reformation settlement is due to the fact that, whereas everyone has heard of the iconoclasts and extremists, the main stream of sober English common sense is hardly known at all, although it is evident that the Book of Common Prayer is the outcome of this moderating spirit and not of the fanaticism on either side. The great value of the Ornaments Rubric (which has not yet been removed from the Prayer Book) is that it proclaims this moderating and really Catholic spirit, retaining the beautiful symbolism of the old ceremonial, but freeing it from the abuses which had grown about it. It is the very spirit of Erasmus: the abuses were real, and no responsible person denied them. "So the cry is raised", he says, "'Abolish the mass, put it away, make an end of it'. Is there no middle course? Cannot the mass be purified? . . . Too much has been made of rituals and vestments, but we might save, if we would, the useful part of such things . . . we must not hurt the corn in clearing out the tares".

In the reign of Henry VIII., a monarch who remained mediæval in theology to his dying day, the old Latin services continued in use, with the addition in 1545 of the English Litany. The "Rationale of Ceremonial", which Mr. Cyril Cobb has edited in a scholarly manner, was compiled by some of the bishops at the King's command, in order to supply an intelligent explanation of the old ceremonies and to

prevent their being "dark and dumb." It exists now only in two manuscripts, one at the British Museum and one at Lambeth Palace : these have been carefully collated, and are now given to the world in printed form, as a companion to those two other documents of the earlier Reformation—of the English movement before the extraneous influences of the foreign reformers had come in—"The Institution of a Christian Man" (1537), and "A Necessary Doctrine and Erudition for any Christian Man" (1543). The authors keep in mind, exactly in the spirit of the Preface "Concerning Ceremonies" which still stands at the head of the Prayer Book, the abuses which had grown up round the old devotional system—its excess of ceremonial, its unintelligibility, the idea that ceremonies were in themselves means of grace, and the consequent loss of distinction between what is essential and what is merely a matter of decent order. The "Rationale" consolidated all that had been previously enacted and enjoined about the disputatious subject of ceremonial and it helped to form the basis upon which the bishops in King Edward's reign built up the first English Prayer Book. It is in fact one of the inspiring and interpretative documents of the Reformation period.

A few quotations may serve to illustrate its spirit : All references to "the pretended and usurped power of the bishop of Rome" in the pontificals are to be "abolished and utterly put aside". Again, "The mass is remembrance of the passion of Christ, whose most blessed body and blood is there consecrate and the ceremonies thereof be not dumb, but they be expressives and declaratives of the same passion, to the intent that by such signs and ceremonies they that be present thereat may the better be admonished and reduced to memory of the same". As to vestments, the "Rationale" says that "the ministers . . . by the example of their prayers, they move and excite the people to pray with them. And therefore, for the adorning of the same service, Surplices, Copes, and other vestures and ceremonies in the doing thereof are very laudable and comely". Another coming controversy is foreshadowed in the statement about the sign of the cross at baptism, "in tokening that he is come to be professed and totally to be dedicated to Christ crucified, whom he will never be ashamed openly before men to confess and knowledge". The words have a familiar ring to us still. Indeed, in this, as in much else, the declarations of the "Rationale" are wise and right; and, after ages of unbalanced controversy, Churchmen have come back to a position very near to that of the earlier Reformers.

#### NOVELS.

"The Unknown God." By B. L. Putnam Weale. London: Macmillan. 1911. 6s.

A novel founded on missionary work in China could offer opportunities to very few writers. Mr. Putnam Weale should have been one of them. He knows China as few Englishmen know it, he has a very considerable command of language, and a conception of incisive phrase. He has already made striking use of all three qualities, and the European society, mercenary and missionary, of an inland Chinese town in contrast with the life of China seemed full of promise as a subject for his pen. The promise is not only unfulfilled, it is scarcely suggested. The only thing treated thoughtfully and perceptively is the problem of Mohammedan China, and that without a sense of proportion or of relevance to the story. The story, indeed, is but a poor thing, and might, so far as an aid to one's attention goes, have been omitted. The real romance of missionary life is a spiritual affair beside which the common-places of love-making, inexpertly handled, sink into insignificance, though in relation, in false relation, they expand into a significance, dropscically disproportioned. The most curious shortcoming in the book is the author's failure to paint a scene for us. He tries, it is true, to picture for us the hero's journey up the great river, though with only partial success, but he does not even attempt to make us acquainted with Wayway, the centre of the

story, and its surroundings. Familiarity may have dulled his perception of the scene, for he seems not to appreciate the importance of making it accessible to his readers. He gives us no conception of colour, of the character of the ground, of the appearance of either city or settlements, nor of the dominating aspect of the great river. Save for a few lines devoted to the hot weather, we live unaware of the climate, such a preponderating influence in China with the aliens who endure it. Nor are the mental and moral influences, to which, in such a community, the alien is subjected, treated with more consideration. All the varied fraternities in the book exist apart and unrelated, the incidents connecting them giving little clue to any vital relationship. There are illuminating paragraphs on certain conditions of the country, and there is an admirable suggestion by a missionary whom the hero meets up country of the different attitude of the East and West to the Bible. To the European the book's Eastern atmosphere has the mystery and idealism that the religious mind demands. But to the East that very atmosphere, being what it always breathes, is the simplest realism, plain, true, attractive, but without any charms of strangeness and wonder. If Mr. Putnam Weale had given us more of Maddon and his kind—the true missionaries, and less of Virginia Bayswater and her trite romance, he would have made his story more interesting ; but until he acquires a sense of proportion, and subordinates the incidental to the intrinsic, he will fail to do his subject justice, however interesting it may be.

**"Declined with Thanks."** By Una L. Silberrad. London: Constable. 1911. 6s.

In a sub-title Miss Silberrad tells us that her book is named as it is "because polite but discriminating editors have declined most of the tales in this collection". In this is surely the very height of that objectionable kind of pride which "apes humility". If it be not so, if the author really regard the editors as discriminating in declining her tales, then she can be scarcely discriminating in asking fiction-readers to pay six shillings for them. In aping the pride which apes humility Miss Silberrad, too, has done something of an injustice to her work. She is a capable story-teller and the eight tales which make up this volume are all good of their kind, and variedly attractive—now by their eeriness and now by their romantic incidents. By the way it may be mentioned that the worthy whose "darling sin" is the pride to which we have referred plays his part in several of the stories. The first six of the pieces are arranged chronologically—the first of them being concerned with a thirteenth-century monk, the sixth with the strange mating of a wilful lady in the days of George the Third. Why the last two stories (dated 1645 and 1450) are given out of the order it would be difficult to say. For lovers of romance "The Thaw"—telling how the plighting of children ended—and "The Mating of the Lady Theresa" will probably prove among the most attractive, but all the stories are well told and all bear the impression that the writer has thoroughly realised the characters herself before attempting to delineate them.

**"The Major's Niece."** By George A. Birmingham. London: Smith, Elder. 1911. 6s.

How a certain middle-aged bachelor was bidden by his Australian sister to receive her daughter in his home in Ireland, how he prepared to entertain a beautiful young woman, and how there came to him a ten-year-old child with a dirty face and ready for all the wild scrapes which Ireland could provide, are the things which Mr. Birmingham has to tell us. Those who have read other Irish tales by the same author will be glad to know that the Rev. J. J. Meldon, curate of Ballymoy, has an important part given to him once again. Like a true countryman of Burke and Grattan he possesses the gift of tongues which leads to persuasion. Whether he be instructing a Nationalist publican as to the correct method of receiving a Lord Lieutenant, or whether he be giving lessons to an uncle on the manner of bringing up a little niece, he is never at a loss. "J. J." is a

creation for whom we are grateful, and the books which record his doings are things of pure mirth and enjoyment, yet withal are not fools' books. The niece, despite her initial fault of nationality, forms an indispensable part of the picture. Perhaps the children of all lands are Irish in character, and perhaps that is why Mr. Birmingham knows more of the heart of a child than a whole conference of Saxon educationists.

**"The Lady of Tripoli."** By Michael Barrington.  
London: Chatto and Windus. 5s.

Mr. Barrington, in providing a newer version of the legend of Rudel of Blaye than "*La Princesse Lointaine*", claims that he reverts more nearly to the original in picturing the lady as romantically worthy of romantic affection. Indeed, he has caught the spirit of romance very happily, and his simple telling of this short tale takes the reader back to the golden age. Incidents full of quaint antiquity decorate the narrative; the venturing merchant, selling his silks and tapestries from Eastern looms; the down-trodden poet of the people and the knightly troubadour; the alchemist disillusioned with his life's work; the gentle Odierna and the proud Fulke de Morville. Moreover, Mr. Barrington displays a neat skill in adapting songs of those days to fit his tale. The dainty ancient romance is embellished with illustrations, not very happily chosen, from mediæval manuscripts, redrawn by Miss Cecilia Martin; but the decorated title-page is a blot on the book. The whole, however, is a pleasant success, and we should like to see Mr. Barrington reviving other stories and legends of the gracious times of yore.

**"Gilead Balm, Knight Errant."** By Bernard Capes.  
London: Unwin. 1911. 6s.

The adventures of Mr. Gilead Balm in search of truth give their inventor the opportunity of stringing together a series of episodes akin to detective stories, yet of an original form. Mr. Balm, having inherited great wealth, occupies himself in probing the appeals to the compassionate to be found in the agony column of a daily paper, and thus comes into contact with a varied medley of impostors, innocent victims of misfortune, criminals, and lunatics. The story of his beautiful lady-secretary is presumably required to give the book the conventional novel stamp, but it is not happily conceived. However, there is much ingenuity in some of the inventions, and real imaginative power in one episode—the insane desire of a retired Judge to prove to the world that he had not acted with cruelty in a case which excited public indignation. Mr. Capes cannot refrain from endowing his people with an oddly stilted diction. Perhaps his illustrator is slyly satirising this trait in the author when he depicts Gilead as having put on a top-hat and morning coat to make a trip to the Upper Thames in spring.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

**"Crime and Criminals."** By R. F. Quinton M.D. London: Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.

Dr. Quinton, it seems, is concerned to defend the old system. Speaking of the state of things which prevailed when he first joined the prison service, the author says "Malingering was practised to an extent that is hardly credible by desperate men who tried to evade work. Self-inflicted injuries of the most serious character often led to amputation of limbs and other operations. The practice of placing arms and legs under railway trucks on the works was so prevalent at one convict prison that no less than twenty-five major amputations were performed in one year". Though he was never stationed at Chatham, the Doctor is doubtless referring to that dreadful prison as it was back in the 'seventies. He does not mention that many of those unfortunate creatures were flogged after they had lost limbs as soon as they had recovered from operation, and that their candles were placed in measuring boxes lest they should be tempted to eat them, in which case they would be left in the dark. We should like to inquire what manner of work it was that drove men to desperate acts of self-mutilation, and amidst what kind of surroundings the convicts dwelt, when the authorities have recorded that

being conveyed to London to be flogged—as was once the custom—was looked upon as a relief from the unbearable routine, and consequently offenders were ordered to receive punishment for breaches of discipline at the prisons in which they were. The late Dr. Guy stated in evidence that flogging was the most merciful punishment they employed. The author contends that deaths from suicide are of rare occurrence, but he does not take count of the elaborate precautions against them, as, for instance, by stretching wire netting all over the corridors. No wonder that juries were sometimes recalcitrant or that the remorseless system was assailed by writers. Only through the official secrecy and the national carelessness could it have endured at all. "Looking back", the author observes, "on the progress of events we must admit that in our own case the process of evolution has been so slow as to be a disgrace to our civilisation". But it is astonishing, in these latter days, to find the so-called model prison of the 'forties, at Pentonville, considered as an improvement. Can the writer be unaware of, or has he forgotten, the experiments in solitary confinement there, which were continued so long and had to be mitigated, and the effect upon the prisoners? Nor was the Prisons Act of 1865, which was passed in a wave of anger and alarm in consequence of an attack on an M.P., productive of anything but a great increase in cruelty and the establishment of a cast-iron bureaucracy. The fact is the nineteenth century prisons in England were as bad as could be. But when the ex-Governor is not attempting to defend the powers that were, his acquaintance with prisons and his clear style of writing enable him to be instructive and even reformatory. He emphasises the value of the work-habit, of course condemning the old unproductive labour; he complains of the practice of sending weak-minded persons, and the more or less insane, to prison at all, and he argues for the better classification of prisoners and the sorting out of the waste products of society. "The old indiscriminate method of scrapping the entire mass in one huge dust-heap and treating all alike was both illogical and wasteful." We may conclude in the words of Dumesnil: "To a diversity of ills we must apply a diversity of remedies".

**Notable English Trials Series:** "*The Trial of the Stauntons*." Edited by J. B. Atlay. London: Hodge. 5s. net.

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(Continued on page 624.)

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with the same legal knowledge and extraordinary attention to detail which made his edition of Capt. Porteous' trial a valuable addition to historical literature.

"*Secret Societies and the French Revolution.*" By Una Breh. London: Lane. 1911. 5s. net.

Lord Acton saw behind the French Revolution the evidence of calculating organisations whose managers remained in the background. It is certain that the European masonic societies, under the impulse given to their thought and activity by Weishaupt, prepared the way for a general and speedy acceptance by the third estate of the *ternaire sacré*—liberty, equality, and fraternity. At the time of the Revolution there were 700 lodges in France, most of them permeated with the ideas of Weishaupt and the Perfectibilists. It has been too readily assumed that this sect was innocent because it admitted to membership the very class against whom the Revolution was directed. Louis XVI. and Frederick the Great were illuminates. But it was part of Weishaupt's system to admit to the lower grades of this masonry anyone who cared to come in. From these the higher grades were recruited on a careful system of weeding out the untrustworthy, or those whose interests were in conflict with the masonic ideal. The Phrygian cap with all it stood for was the crown of deeper initiation than was permitted the majority. France was deliberately chosen by the Perfectibilists as the country where they would first realise their intentions. Cagliostro and the Comte de Saint-Germain—who in this volume is the subject of a separate study by the author—was of them. Mirabeau's "Voilà la Victime," and the prophetic declaration of Cagliostro in 1787, show that much of what followed was planned in advance. The Revolution, in fact, was not at the drift of passion and circumstance. The instincts of Lord Acton were to a considerable extent correct. The author of these papers knows the period well, makes her points with ease, and furnishes her little book with a miniature bibliography which is well selected.

"*A Century of Empire.*" By Sir Herbert Maxwell. Vol. III. 1869-1900. London: Arnold. 1911. 14s. net.

Sir Herbert Maxwell concludes his history of the century with the words, "all patriotic Britons will unite in thankfulness for the fact that throughout a long and critical period of change, the Head of the State was Victoria the Well Beloved". That is the note of much of the third and last volume of a work which, though dealing with rather more than a third of a century before Queen Victoria came to the throne, is mainly concerned with a reign which is "one long record of material and social progress. Never before has it been the historian's lot to chronicle such rapid, yet steady, development of any nation, to trace such a series of peaceful changes, to record such accumulation of wealth, such diffusion or comfort in a like period". It was a period at once of democratic and Imperial expansion. Sir Herbert has been criticised for allowing his Conservative sentiments to obtrude themselves in a work which purports to be history. He is unrepentant. When he remembers that the history of Great Britain during the nineteenth century has been almost exclusively written by Liberals or Radicals, he positively welcomes the opportunity of presenting the facts as they appear to a Conservative. He has achieved the task he set himself with admirable spirit and judgment, has been at pains to familiarise himself with the latest sources of information, even so recent a work as the Life of Cecil Rhodes, and has relieved his pages by reflections and out of the way items that lift the book far above a mere record of events.

"*The Life-Story of our Gracious Queen Mary.*" By Jeanie Rose Brewer. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1911. 2s. 6d. net.

This is hard on Queen Mary. Is it impossible to write on "Royalties" and yet keep clear of snobbery and drivel? If the Royal subject is as man or woman below the average, it may be necessary to adopt a style and treatment nobody in his senses would apply to an ordinary mortal. Policy may require his magnification to the average level. That which done or said by Smith or Smith's wife is common and obvious may be wonderful done or said by inferior Royalties, just as everything is wonderful in a baby or an inamorata. But to treat Queen Mary as a child or the illusion of a love-sick lunatic is monstrous. It argues small sensibility not to see that true homage to a Queen that can easily stand on her own merits without adventitious aid of royal trappings is to treat of her simply as one would treat of any other woman worth writing about. It is a pity this book was not better done, for in every way it is well that the people should know much about their present Queen. A good book of its kind would be useful. One hopes that kings and queens who are blessed with brains and discrimination read very little of what is written about them; or how they must loathe their subjects!

Better read Mr. Keir Hardie's speeches than this sort of thing. They would certainly amuse Queen Mary more, and might offend less.

"*Friendly Faces.*" By M. Betham Edwards. London: Chapman and Hall. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

"What sermons innumerable might be preached upon this subject. Daily do we see, etc." This extract is typical of the book upon its more serious side. The friendly faces are those of notabilities with whom Miss Betham Edwards has taken tea, met at a function, or passed a casual week-end. The degrees of intimacy are various. Lord John Russell was caught in the act of inspecting an industrial school. The Empress Eugénie was seen driving through the streets on at least two separate occasions. From General Booth Miss Edwards actually received a letter of which the signature and postscript were in his own handwriting. With Christina Rossetti the author had tea; "our meeting place and every circumstance connected with it were worthy of her muse. The season was midsummer, and the weather was both pictorial and poetical". Nevertheless the book just fails to be three hundred pages long.

"*Revue des Deux Mondes.*" 15 Mai.

M. Faguet has an excellent article on "Fogazzaro" which will be of interest to all who take account of the relations of the Roman Catholic Church with the so-called "Modernists". Even those who have not read Fogazzaro's novels will find much acute criticism in it, because to a certain extent he is a representative figure, not merely as a romance-writer. M. Faguet thinks he is a Lutheran without knowing it. It is certain that he had a great respect and affection for the Church, but this was combined with the capacity of always running counter to the injunctions of the Head of the Church. His curious naïveté is made clear in the sentence where the Pope, in his famous interview with "Il Santo", says to him "Pray for me, pray the Lord that He may enlighten me". M. Faguet's remark upon this is "The Pope asking for M. Fogazzaro's blessing! because, in fact, this is what it means, it is not to be wondered at that that should have seemed at Rome anything but reverent Catholicism". M. Albert Petit writes with much historical knowledge on the millenary celebration of the foundation of Normandy, and M. Beaunier's prose idyll, "Le Sourire d'Athéna", is delightful to read.

For this Week's Books see page 626.

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The One Hundred and Forty-ninth Annual General Meeting of the members of the Equitable Life Assurance Society was held at the Society's House, Mansion House Street, E.C., when the Report and Accounts for the year 1910 were presented. The chair was taken by Mr. Thomas L. Devitt (vice-president), who referred in sympathetic terms to the unavoidable absence of the President (Sir Samuel Hoare, Bart.), for the first time during his presidency.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, said that the new quinquennium had opened as the last one closed, with a very satisfactory year. They were able to show an increase of over £60,000 in the funds, notwithstanding the large cash bonus payments which usually followed the declaration of a new bonus; and they showed also a further increase in the rate of interest earned on the funds, an exceptionally favourable claim experience, and the largest amount of new business transacted for over three-quarters of a century. Thus, at the close of a century and a half of work their old society gave satisfactory evidence of continued vigour and vitality, and it showed also that the insuring public appreciated the advantages offered by a society which paid no commission to agents, and thus effected a large saving for the benefit of its own members.

### NEW POLICIES.

During the year they granted new policies assuring the sum of £436,705, which was the largest amount transacted since 1825. After deducting re-assurances the net new sums assured amounted to £337,655, in addition to policies securing deferred or contingent annuities of £2,727 per annum, and the new transactions for the year produced a new yearly premium income of £13,340, after deducting re-assurances. That was the third year in succession in which they had been able to report an increase in the volume of new business, an increase which had been obtained without payment of commission, without adding to their expenses, and without relaxing their high standard of quality to which they attached so much importance. The increased returns for the year were due partly to the introduction of new schemes to meet the special requirements of different classes of proposers. They were also largely due to the recommendation of the members following on the society's satisfactory declaration of profits, and partly perhaps to their having been successful in obtaining some exceptionally important cases. The current year had opened well, and they relied on continuance of the efforts of their own members, which must always be their principal and most reliable source of new business.

### REMARKABLE RESULTS.

The death claims for the year were particularly light, and the results of the claims are as remarkable as ever; for, taking the ordinary whole-life with-profit policies, they found that on the average every £1,000 originally assured was increased to £2,060.

### FUNDS AND INTEREST.

The rate of interest earned on the total funds of the society advanced to £3 19s. 3d. per cent.—practically 4 per cent. before deduction of income-tax. The rate of interest earned had shown a steady increase for a good many years, and the board had every hope that the current year would exhibit a further advance. The funds continued to show satisfactory growth, and they amounted at the close of the year to £5,105,463.

Mr. Evan Spicer seconded the motion, which was adopted.

A resolution to the effect that the President, Sir Samuel Hoare, Bart., should be asked to allow his portrait to be painted and placed in the Society's Court Room in the course of the 150th year of the Society's operations, was carried by acclamation on the motion of the Right Hon. Walter Long, M.P., seconded by Sir Albert Spicer, Bart., M.P.

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The Bonds will be issued to bearer in denominations of \$500 with half-yearly coupons payable 1st March and 1st September. Provision is made for registration of the Principal if required.

Under the provisions of the Mortgage Deed of Trust the Company has to contribute to a Sinking Fund by annual payments beginning March 1st, 1921, sufficient to redeem all Bonds then issued on or before March 1st, 1936, five years before the expiration of the concession. The amounts in the Sinking Fund will be applied annually by the Trustees in the purchase of Bonds at a price not exceeding 105 per cent, and failing such purchase, in the redemption of Bonds, by drawings at 105 per cent, and accrued interest.

Under an Act passed February 20th, 1911, the Company has obtained from the Government of Cuba a concession for the improvement of the harbours of the Island. By this Act the Government has created a tax in the form of Special Port Dues charged on all goods unloaded in the ports of Cuba. In accordance with the terms of the concession, which has been granted to the Company for thirty years, the Government will collect these dues and hand over to the Company each week all sums so collected without any deductions. The Principal and interest of the Bonds are secured on the proceeds of these port dues, which constitute a first charge on all goods unloaded in the ports, and therefore on all imports.

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The following letter from the President of the Company gives short particulars of the business:—

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A commission has been created known as the Board of Ports consisting of one engineer of the Bureau of the Ports, the Captain of the Port of Havana, and one engineer appointed by the Company, which is to agree on the final projects of the works and have the supervision of the works during the whole term of the Concession, and is the recognised authority to deal with all matters relating to the regulation of the Ports of the Island.

In accordance with the terms of the Concession, the Company has deposited a bond for \$300,000 in the Government Treasury as security for the due carrying out of the works; the works have been begun, and the Government is now collecting the special port dues above mentioned on behalf of the Company.

ESTIMATES.—The Company has entered in a contract with a well known firm of contracting engineers in the Island of Cuba to carry out all the works according to the requirements of the Concession, and it is estimated by them that the works should be completed within six years at a cost of \$10,000,000. It is estimated that the sale of the \$7,000,000 Bonds above referred to, together with the revenue derived from the port dues, will be more than sufficient to provide this sum. The remaining \$3,000,000 of the authorised issue will be held in reserve.

REVENUE.—The figures, in tons of imports into the Island of Cuba for the past three years, as appearing from the Government records, are as follows:—

Fiscal Year.	Merchandise	Coal.	Total.
1907-8	1,189,971	664,251	1,854,222
1908-9	1,167,815	582,419	1,750,234
1909-10	1,356,743	697,344	2,054,086

About four-fifths of the above to value comes from the U.S.A.

The Port dues levied under the concession are at the rate of \$0.70 per ton on all goods coming from the United States of America, \$0.88 per ton on goods from all other countries, and \$0.10 on coal.

On the basis of the figures of imports into Cuba during the fiscal year 1909-10 the Company should receive—

From (say) 1,100,000 of merchandise imported from U.S.A. @ \$0.70 per ton	\$770,000
From (say) 250,000 tons imported from other countries @ \$0.88 per ton	220,000
From (say) 700,000 tons of coal @ \$0.10 per ton	70,000

Total	Interest on \$7,000,000 Bonds @ 5 per cent.	Surplus
... ...	... ...	\$710,000

These figures show the interest on the \$7,000,000 more than three times covered.

After the average annual proceeds from the Port Dues shall, during any period of five years, exceed \$1,000,000, 20 per cent. of such surplus shall be handed over to the Government.

FUTURE EARNINGS.—With the expansion of trade, which it is to be expected will follow the improvement and development of the ports affected by the operations of the Company, it is most probable that within a few years the figures given above will be very much exceeded. In making this statement, I am taking into account the enormous increase in trade which should come when the Panama Canal is opened, as the position of Cuba will then become one of very great importance for trade purposes, and the Port of Santiago in particular should benefit very extensively.

ADDITIONAL REVENUE.—In addition to the above advantages under the laws incorporated in the Concession, the Company has the right to acquire on very favourable terms large tracts of land which will be reclaimed and drained

by the works which it is undertaking. These should be very valuable for the building of warehouses, wharves, etc., and should open up a very profitable field for the Company should it ever be desirous of undertaking such business. The Company will also be very favourably placed with regard to all future undertakings in connection with the ports of Cuba owing to its representation on the Board of Ports.

For the Compañía de los Puertos de Cuba,  
(Signed) T. L. HUSTON, President.

The project in general and the estimates have been examined and approved by Mr. Muirhead, an Engineer of extensive experience in port and harbour works, who has made an independent report on the project on behalf of the Bondholders.

The Bonds will be secured by a Notarially attested Mortgage or Trust Deed which, in accordance with the law authorising the Concession, will be registered on the official Registry of Property at Havana as a First Charge over the Concession in favour of the Trustees, The Trust Company of Cuba, and will also contain a First Floating Charge over all other property and assets of the Company.

Under the provisions of the Trust Deed the proceeds of the Bonds will be paid to the Trustees to be released against Engineers' Certificates, and in the meantime are to be invested by the Trustees as therein provided.

The Company undertakes not to create any charge to rank in priority to or *partibus* with the said authorised issue of \$10,000,000 Bonds.

Notarially certified translations of the Act authorising the Concession, and of the Concession Deed, a Draft of the Trust Deed securing the Bonds and the original of the above mentioned letter may be inspected by intending subscribers, at the Offices of Messrs. Surtees, Phillipotts & Co., 6 St. Helen's Place, London, E.C., during the usual business hours prior to the closing of the List.

Scrip certificates to Bearer will be issued on allotment, to be exchanged, when fully paid, for Definitive Bonds. Notice will be given of the date when these are ready by advertisement in the *Times* newspaper. The Scrip certificates will have annexed to them coupons for interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the instalments, calculated from the due dates of payment, and payable on September 1st, 1911, and March 1st, 1912. The Definitive Bonds will bear a coupon for a full half-year's interest due September 1st, 1912, and all subsequent coupons.

A brokerage at the rate of 1 per cent. will be paid on all allotments made in respect of applications bearing Brokers' stamp.

An application will be made to the Committee of the London Stock Exchange for a special settlement in and quotation of the Bonds now offered.

Applications must be made on the form accompanying the Prospectus and sent to the Bankers together with a remittance for the amount payable on application. If an allotment is less than the amount applied for, the balance will be applied towards the remaining payments due on the Bonds. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render previous payments liable to forfeiture and the allotment liable to cancellation.

Interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum will be charged on all instalments not paid on the due date.

Copies of the Prospectus, with Forms of Application, may be obtained from the Bankers, at their offices in London and Liverpool, or from Messrs. Sperling and Co., or from the Solicitors.

Dated May 18th, 1911.

Trustees for the Bondholders.  
THE TRUST COMPANY OF CUBA, Havana.

Bankers.

Messrs. KLEINWORT, SONS & CO., 20 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

Brokers.—Messrs. SPERLING & CO., Basildon House, E.C.

SINKING FUND.—In accordance with the terms of the Trust Deed, the Trustees will set aside each year a sum sufficient to redeem all Bonds issued and outstanding on March 1st, 1921, in fifteen years, or five years before the Concession expires. The Bonds will accordingly be redeemed as follows:—

1921	...	...	2 per cent.	1930	...	...	...	8 per cent.
1922	...	...	3 "	1931	...	...	...	8 "
1923	...	...	4 "	1932	...	...	...	9 "
1924	...	...	5 "	1933	...	...	...	9 "
1925	...	...	6 "	1934	...	...	...	10 "
1926	...	...	6 "	1935	...	...	...	10 "
1927	...	...	6 "					
1928	...	...	7 "					
1929	...	...	7 "					

100 per cent.

Special provision will be made in the Trust Deed for the redemption of any Bonds which may be issued after March 1st, 1921, on or before maturity.

#### Directors.

T. L. HUSTON, President (President, T. L. Huston Contracting Company).

R. TRUFFIN, Vice-President and Treasurer (President, Central Mercedes Company. Russian Consul-General to Cuba. Director Trust Company of Cuba).

G. PETRICCIANI, Secretary.

W. E. OGILVIE (Managing Director of the United Railways of the Havana and Reg. of Warehouses, Ltd.)

PEDRO RODRIGUEZ (Zaragoza & Company).

MANUEL OTADUY (Manager, Transatlantic Steamship Company in Cuba).

MARTIN GARIN (Garin, Sanchez & Company).

VICTOR ZEBALOS (Manager, Cuban Trading Company).

PELAYO GARCIA (Advocate, Havana).

E. GAYE, Havana (Director, National Bank of Cuba. Manager, Compagnie Transatlantique de Cuba).

THIS FORM MAY BE USED.

#### THE CUBAN PORTS COMPANY,

(Incorporated as the "Compañía de los Puertos de Cuba" under the Laws of the Republic of Cuba.)

Offer of \$6,000,000 5 per cent. First Mortgage 25 Year Gold Bonds.

Issue Price of Bonds 97½ per cent.

APPLICATION FORM.

To MESSRS. KLEINWORT, SONS & CO. (As Agents for the owners),

20 Fenchurch Street, E.C.

Gentlemen.—Having paid you the sum of £..... being the deposit (at the rate of £5 paid on the nominal value in dollars of the Bonds applied for) payable on application for \$..... of the above-mentioned 5 per cent. 25 Year Gold Bonds we hereby request that you as Agents for the Owners will allot me/us that amount of Bonds, and I/we agree to accept the same or any less amount that may be allotted to me/us, and to pay the balance due according to the terms of the Prospectus offering the said Bonds for sale.

Signature.....

Name in full.....

Address in full.....

Date....., 1911.

PLEASE WRITE DISTINCTLY.

Cheques should be drawn to Bearer and crossed "Kleinwort, Sons & Co."

# **SEDENAK RUBBER ESTATES.**

**THE Second Ordinary General Meeting of the Sedenak Rubber Estates, Limited, was held yesterday, Mr. Arthur John Barry (Chairman of the Company) presiding.**

The representative of the secretaries (Messrs. George Yule and Co.) having read the usual notices,

The Chairman said: With regard to the accounts, you will see that the expenditure on the estate from the date on which we took it over till the end of last October amounted to £12,000. A considerable amount of this expenditure was due to the fact that during that time we have built permanent quarters both for our staff and coolies. We considered we should be well advised to face this expenditure at once instead of spreading it over a number of years, as so much depends upon providing the labour force with comfortable and sanitary quarters. We have delayed issuing this report for some time, with the object of waiting until Mr. Gregson had returned from his visit to the estate, thereby making it possible to include in it all the latest information. Mr. Gregson first went to Sedenak in March 1908, he was there again in 1910, and he has therefore now returned from his third visit. Not only is Mr. Gregson a director and a very large shareholder in this company, but he is also one of the most experienced planters in the East, and having, as he has had, an opportunity of watching the progress and development of the estate closely, it is satisfactory to note that he reports that he is quite satisfied with the progress which has been made. We have, I may mention, taken advantage of the connection of Messrs. George Yale and Co., and Mr. Gregson, with Southern India, as proprietors of large estates, to obtain a regular supply of Tamil labour from that district. In this respect perhaps we may have some advantage over other estates. As we get larger areas planted we naturally have to increase our labour force to keep pace with weeding, and we are also training a number of coolies to tap, for we shall have a considerable acreage ready for tapping towards the end of this year. So far, as you will see from the report, we have planted during the first twelve months of the company's existence about 900 acres, and we think that by the end of the current year we shall be safe in estimating that we shall have a total of about 3,500 acres planted. Before concluding, I should like to remark that we have received a letter from one of our largest shareholders. In this letter he asks certain questions to which I take the opportunity of replying. He enquires whether any profit was made on tapioca last year. My reply to this is in the negative. The manufacture has been commenced since the period under review. He further suggests that any profit that we may make from tapioca should be used for the provision of manure for the trees, so that, as he puts it, we might automatically combine the permanent advantage of light-capitalisation without retarding the growth of the trees. This policy has already been adopted. He also refers to some remarks that Mr. Darby, at the Batang Malaka meeting, made, in which he recommended certain spacing of the trees, which gave 96 to the acre, whereas the system we have adopted gives 108 to the acre. We gave very careful consideration to this question when we first commenced work on the estate. We took at that time every possible factor into consideration, and we have found, I may say, no reason since then to alter our opinion. A third question he asked was whether the option upon 20,000 shares had been exercised. The answer was in the affirmative.

No questions being put, the Chairman formally moved the adoption of the report, which was seconded by Colonel Durand.

## THE RUBBER WORLD

**THIS WEEK'S CONTENTS INCLUDE:-**

## **TACKINESS IN RAW RUBBER.**

**By H. E. POTTS, M.Sc.**

## **THE AFRICAN OIL PALM. II.**

**By R. BAND, of the Agricultural Department, Gold Coast.**

#### **PROSPECTIVE DIVIDEND EARNERS:**

## **A comparison of Merlimau, Bukit Sembawang, and Port Dickson.**

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# RAND MINES, LIMITED.

## **ABRIDGED TABULATED SUMMARY.**

FINANCIAL QUARTER ENDING								31st March, 1911.		31st Jan., '11		
Mine.	Number of feet driven, sunk and risen, exclusive of Stopes Tonnage Stoped, including Ore from development faces ..											
<b>Mine.</b>												
Number of feet driven, sunk and risen, exclusive of Stopes Tonnage Stoped, including Ore from development faces ..	4,250 203,716	4,735 258,437	2,855 116,331	18,933 398,245	2,907 85,325	2,696 60,097	9,537 165,504	8,014 180,303				
<b>Milling.</b>												
Ore received from Mine (tons) ..	.. .. .. .. .. .. ..	203,716	258,437	116,331	393,245	85,325	60,097	165,504	180,303	180,303	180,303	
Ore milled (tons) ..	.. .. .. .. .. .. ..	164,500	200,490	92,170	355,100	66,320	56,073	124,900	135,630			
<b>Cyaniding.</b>												
Tons treated .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	165,635	200,740	93,446	352,884	66,067	43,701	134,250	157,987				
<b>Gold Production.</b>												
Total yield per Ton Milled (fine dwt.) .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	6.71	6.61	10.13	8.73	6.95	6.78	6.03	6.96				
<b>Working Expenses.</b>												
Cost .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	£ 150,438	s. d. 11 9 215,981	s. d. 0 7	£ 95,028	s. d. 8 7 357,120	s. d. 13 8	£ 76,130	s. d. 13 7	£ 7,997	s. d. 7 9 126,418	s. d. 13 3 273,890 4 5	
Cost per Ton Milled .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	150,438	18 4	1 6	95,028	1 0 7	1 3 7	76,130	1 3 7	7,997	1 4 3	1 19 1 11 1 111	
<b>Revenue.</b>												
Value of Gold produced .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	231,635	0 277,740	11 1 193,342	3 7 650,433	15 3	95,754	16 1	79,870	10 11	170,534	10 11 231,320 3 2	
Value per Ton Milled .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	1 8 2	1 7 8	2 2 4	1 16 7	1 9 2	1 8 6	1 5 3	1 9 8				
<b>Working Profit.</b>												
Amount .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	81,195	6 3	61,759	10 6 100,313	15 0	293,319	1 7	18,624	2 6	11,873	3 2 44,115 15 8 57,420 18 9	
Per Ton Milled .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	0 9 10	0 6 2	1 1 0	0 16 0	0 5 7	0 4 3	0 6 6	0 7 3				
<b>Net Revenue from other Sources.</b>												
Debit .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	3,978	5 1	—	3,178	9 0	874	12 2	1,313	12 2	467	14 9 *869 6 6	
Credit .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	477 9 4 *2,868 9 7	
<b>Net Profit</b>	.. .. .. .. .. .. ..	77,925	1 2	64,937	19 6 101,183	7 2	292,000	9 5	18,136	7 0	11,003	16 8 44,593 5 0 60,398 8 4
<b>Estimated Amount of 10% Tax on Profits</b>	.. .. .. .. .. .. ..	6,984	0 0	4,660	0 0	9,198	0 0	28,000	0 0	1,374	0 0 450 0 0 3,307 0 0 5,323 0 0	
<b>Reserve Gold (ounces of Fine Gold)</b>	.. .. .. .. .. .. ..	4,698	3,933	NIL	1,327	50	NIL	150				
<b>Capital Expenditure</b>	.. .. .. .. .. .. ..	38,342	15 3	39,646	17 6	5,096	14 3	163,999	9 8	9,603	27 5 40,579 3 1 121,858 0 0 12,678 11 3	
<b>Interim Dividends declared.</b>												
Payable to Shareholders registered on books as at .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	—	—	—	31st Mar., '11	—	—	—	—	—	—	31st Jan., '11	
Rate per cent. .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	—	—	—	22½%	—	—	—	—	—	—	10%	
Total Amount of Distribution .. .. .. .. .. .. ..	—	—	—	204,750	0 0	—	—	—	—	—	82,782 0 0	

**\* Including Accumulations.**

† Exclusive of proportion of the annuity payable to the Government in respect of mining rights acquired.

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